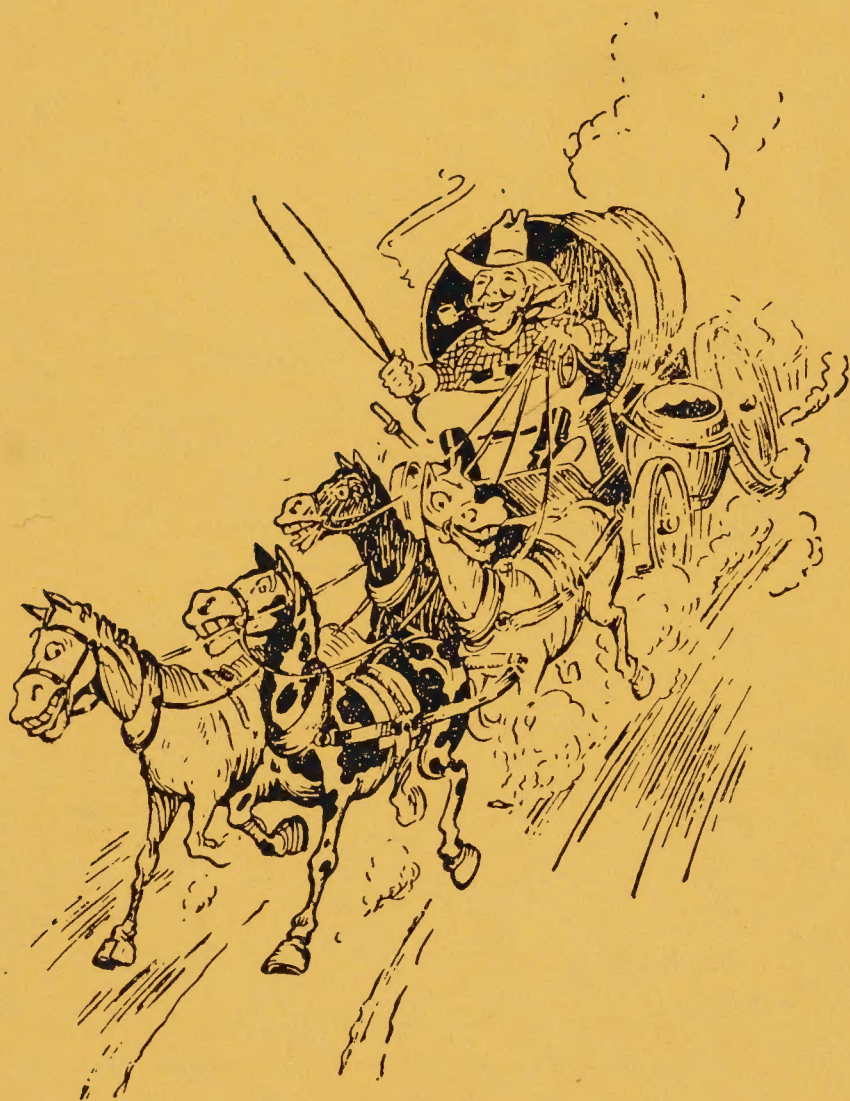


ALBERTA
FOLKLORE
QUARTERLY



ALBERTA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

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THE COVER

"Off to the Southern Alberta Old Timers' Roundup"

Courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company

As We Were Saying

As the third issue of the *Quarterly* goes to press we have to announce with sincere regret the departure of Mr. Gard to accept an appointment at Madison, Wisconsin. Not only will Bob and his lovable, hard-working little wife, Maryo, be missed around the campus, but their departure will also be keenly felt at innumerable Alberta spots from Brooks to Peace River, where they sought so diligently to preserve the folklore of this Province. As time passes Albertans will realize the deep debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. and Mrs. Gard for the treasure-trove of material assembled by them in the vaults of the University for the use of future writers and historians.

At the suggestion of Mr. Gard, and with the approval of Dr. Newton and the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors, Mr. Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S., has taken over the position of Director of the Folklore and Local History Project, and henceforth will carry on the work of Mr. Gard as editor of the *Quarterly*. Sailing from London through Hudson Straits on the oaken-prowed *Pelican* in 1906, a raw recruit to the ranks of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Godsell landed at the palisaded fort of York Factory, established by the ubiquitous Radisson in the days of the Merry Monarch. To the swish of the Northern Lights, the crackle of campfires and the crunch of snowshoes, his trails have carried him by dog-sled, canoe and Indian-manned York boat 100,000 miles through the heart of our vast Northland. His moccasined feet have followed

dim trails from Labrador to the heart of Alaska, and from the bark wigwams of Hiawatha's dusky Ojibways to the blubber-lit igloos of the so-called "Blonde" Eskimos of the Central Arctic.

Godsell, in the old days, smuggled beaver under the noses of Provincial Police, who made frequent but unsuccessful raids upon his posts; helped Factor Beaton of Fort St. John to save a survey party from massacre at the hands of The Wolf and his Beaver Indian braves, and reared Fort Brabant among the Cogmollock Eskimos, where Corporal Doak of the Mounted Police and Otto Binder had fallen before their bullets and copper snow-knives only the year before. From the rock-walled Coppermine he sent a two-man expedition to the Magnetic Pole in 1923, which discovered 400 hitherto unknown Eskimos, and reared a trading post on King William's Land, graveyard of the Franklin Expedition, in the heart of the Northwest Passage. Today the pioneer road he blazed from Fort St. John to Fort Nelson through the hunting grounds of Chief Bellyfull's hostile Sickan-nies has been converted by Uncle Sam's doughboys into the first link of the Alaska Defence Highway, over which American tanks, troops, airplanes and munitions have been whirled north to carry the war to Hirohito.

During the Royal visit to Winnipeg Mr. Godsell, an adopted Chief of the Cree tribe, brought in befeathered headmen of the Cree, Sioux and Ojibway tribes to meet Their Majesties, copies of two of his earlier works,

Arctic Trades and Red Hunters of the Snows, being later accepted by His Majesty, King George VI as outstanding works on our nearing Northland. Mr. Godsell's latest work, *The Romance of the Alaska Highway* (Ryerson Press, Toronto), was published last December, the first edition of 2,500 copies selling out within ten days. A new edition is now on the market. His other books are *The Vanishing Frontier* and *They Got Their Man*.

All have enjoyed a wide sale throughout the British Empire, Canada and the United States, and have been translated into numerous foreign languages. So, with this short introductory note, Philip Godsell takes over.

* * * *

"Andy's" name is a tradition throughout the Peace River country. Anyone who ever ran across big, genial, hard-featured Sergeant Anderson of the old North West Mounted Police with his pitted face and ice-blue eyes will never forget that burly Iclander. When all attempts to stem the flow of illicit firewater into Indian territory had failed, the O.C. of "N" Division sent the Sergeant to Lesser Slave Lake and, in six months, the bootleg gang who had made the place accursed for nearly a decade were either behind the bars or had fled to safer climes. For the irrepressible Andy would rush in where angels feared to tread and, with a stubbornness of purpose his enemies mistook for stupidity, appeared to blunder ahead—yet always got his man!

Literally and figuratively, Andy was a law unto himself. Northerners maintained he wouldn't hesitate, if the occasion arose, to

arrest his own mother, and in saying Andy was the toughest policeman they had ever known they were expressing the sentiment of every fur trader, riverman and roughneck from Athabasca Landing to the Rockies.

I first came into contact with Andy the day he had fished a body out of Lesser Slave Lake, after it had been under water all winter. Entering the Hudson's Bay post he casually flopped a large roll of soggy bills on the counter. "Would you youst count this money for me, Miles?" he asked Factor McDermott. "I vant a witness to testify to the amount."

Miles dropped the money with a convulsive gasp. "Good God!" he turned ghastly. "Where did you get that stuff? Quick, Hodgson," he turned to the pale-faced clerk, "open the door!"

"I youst got it off the body!" grinned Andy.

"Body!" Miles glowered across the counter. "What body?"

"The body of that young Englishman who got drowned in Buffalo Bay last fall."

"Weel," roared Miles, "get oot o' here as quick's you can — the stench's awful!"

"Youst a minute, Miles, youst a minute," persisted the imperturbable Andy, "you youst watch . . . I'll count the bills."

Beaming broadly, the Sergeant commenced pawing the bills with his huge hands, moistening his finger with his thumb from time to time with an utter disregard for germs and hygiene, to the unveiled horror of the Factor and his clerk.

But the best story of this hard-boiled Mountie, a yarn still told

around the campfires of the Silent Places, is of the time he dogged a criminal for months only to find him buried in the heart of the Rockies. But Andy had a reputation to maintain. He'd always got his man. To prove to Headquarters he had caught up with his quarry he cut off his head, threw it in a gunnysack and tied it to the saddle.

When he boarded the train at the end-of-steel there was something about the sinister bundle that aroused the curiosity of an inquisitive nigger porter. Warning him not to touch it, Andy tossed it under his berth and hit the hay. But the porter's curiosity was too much for him. As the Sergeant snored blissfully he hooked the gunnysack from beneath and lifted it. A grisly head rolled down the corridor, evoking screams that echoed throughout the train.

And old-timers insist *that* porter is running yet!

* * * *

Have you heard of Mike, the Eskimo dentist? Commissioned by the Hudson's Bay Company to tour the North to care for the dental health of its employees, Dr. Millar finally set up his portable foot-drill at Herschel Island and went to work. Day after day a skin-clad Eskimo haunted his office. At last Mike became vocal. "Mebbe me help some?" he suggested with an engaging smile.

Good-naturedly the dentist set him to work, only to discover that Mike was a proficient ivory carver. In a few days Mike, with dental apron pulled over his skin clothing, had installed himself as dental mechanic, doing the most intricate work successfully.

At last the *Lady Kindersley* arrived back from Coronation Gulf on her way back to Vancouver, and Dr. Miller commenced to pack. Mike watched with gloomy eyes. How much you take 'um outfit?" he suddenly demanded.

"Five hundred dollars," laughed the dentist, not taking the suggestion seriously. Mike was off like a shot. Returning a few minutes later he planked down a Hudson's Bay draft on his savings for the amount. Proudly he took possession of his beloved drill, insisting that he also be given enough of "that yellow stuff", meaning gold, for fillings.

To the intense amusement of Herschel Island, Mike departed next day to act as interpreter for the Company at the isolated post of Kent Peninsula, amongst the Stone Age "Blonde" Eskimos, proudly toting along his dentistry outfit.

A year later he returned with five thousand dollars worth of white foxes. "Where did you get all this fur?" I asked.

"Fix-'um teeth!" Mike grinned.

Then he explained. Reaching the land of the primitive Cogmollock Eskimos he had set up his hyperborean dental parlour. The natives weren't dental minded, but Mike rose to the occasion nobly. Taking aside the chief *angatkuk*, or medicine man, he explained that he'd been to the land of the *Kablunats*. There, in civilization, anyone who was worth his salt, and considered himself a "big shot", had his eye teeth covered with gold as a mark of distinction. The medicine man's eyes widened. This was big stuff—something new. How much would it cost? "Just two white foxes a tooth," explained Mike.

In those days a white fox sold in Coronation Gulf for two boxes of 30.30 cartridges, but in civilization, Mike knew, the same skins were worth fifty dollars apiece.

Mike promptly went to work on his first patient, and turned him loose, grinning widely to display his gleaming golden molars to envious tribesmen.

The following morning Mike found a line-up of Stone Age Eskimos outside his door, all waiting with white foxes in their hands, to have perfectly good eye teeth covered with shining gold. Until the gold ran out Mike did a land office business. When nothing was left but the drill and a handful of dental charts his fertile brain evolved another idea. Explaining that these charts were charms against all the ills of mankind—that all one had to do was to sew them up in buckskin and tie them against any afflicted spot—he disposed of them like hotcakes to expectant mothers, rheumatic patients and all the afflicted at the modest sum of one white fox apiece. Today you will still occasionally run across an Eskimo with one of these charts bearing Mike's name and receipted with the letters, "PADE".

* * * *

On my way to Hershel Island that summer I found the waterfront at Aklavic lined with some sixty odd motor schooners belonging to the more civilized Nunatagmuit Eskimos. From gramophones in the holds emanated the strains of such, then, popular ballads as *Red Hot Mama*, *Dardanella*, and *How Are You Going to Keep 'Em Down On the Farm*.

But what arrested my attention was an old Eskimo squatted on an

up-turned soap-box pounding slowly and deliberately on the keys of a portable typewriter, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses perched gravely on his nose.

"What's the big idea?" I asked Charlie Christie, the Factor.

"Just watch," he chuckled softly.

The Eskimo finally withdrew his letter, substituted an envelope, as he had evidently seen the traders do, and tapped away again. Calling to a skin-clad youngster he handed him the letter. Skipping down the gangplank the lad disappeared into a fringe of willows. A few seconds later we heard the slow, deliberate click, click, click of another typewriter in an Eskimo tent.

"That Eskimo on the schooner," Mr. Christie, explained, "is Illivernik, one of our best and wealthiest trappers. He has quite a big savings account in a Vancouver bank. He also trades with the other Eskimos during the winter. Last January, whilst staying in his igloo, I made some notes with the portable typewriter I always carry. Illivernik insisted that I get him one just like it.

But the moment Pokiak, his opposition in that tent over yonder, heard of it he promptly ordered one as well. The typewriters just came in on the steamer."

"But," demanded an amazed tourist, "do these Eskimos understand English well enough to write?"

Charlie doubled up at the idea. "They're just writing a jumble of figures, punctuation marks and letters that don't mean a thing. But it gives them a lot of prestige with the other Huskies, who don't know the difference. They think

they're all same "big white trader."

* * * *

There is a vast store of unwritten lore and legend in the old fur trails of Alberta. Emerson Hough, author of *The Covered Wagon*, could hardly have seen, or written of, anything more humbly modest and splendidly inspiring than the soul-searing trails of those early settlers I used to meet bucking the Edson Trail to Grande Prairie and Pouce Coupe. Of those who tackled that earthly purgatory many laid down their lives in the first Great War, while the grave has claimed many others who trekked from Edmonton beyond the Big Smoky. But there are still living vigorous old-timers who recall that long, up-hill fight with gripping gumbo, bottomless sink-holes and the perils of the trail.

The first white man to cross the Churchill Divide and explore the Athabasca and the lower Peace was that picturesque freebooter, Peter Pond of Milford, Connecticut, who not only broke the first sod and raised a kitchen garden near the junction of the Athabasca and Athabasca Lake, but established the nucleus of Fort Chipewyan, future cradle of exploration for this, then, untamed wilderness, and became the first geographer of the Northwest.

Then there is Smith Portage, the eighteen mile bottleneck in the two thousand miles of navigable rivers stretching northward from Fort McMurray to the rim of the Polar Sea. When I first hit this trail in '21 a string of rickety carts hauled by shagannapie cayuses, and driven by buckskin-coated red men, made heavy weather of

hauling freight consigned to Mackenzie River fur forts along the muskeg trail that skirted Pelican Rapids and the Rapids of the Drowned. In those days the total quantity of freight required for the entire white and Indian population twixt Fort Smith and the Arctic Sea amounted to only four hundred and twenty tons for the three trading companies; and old Angus Brabant, the uncrowned Hudson's Bay emperor of this vast commercial kingdom, employed his own peculiar methods in handling these Indian freighters.

Usually he took care to own at least one essential part of each Indian or half-breed freighter's equipment. He would own the wheel of one Indian's wagon, one horse belonging to another half-breed's team, the whiffletrees of another, and the harness of still another. If any misguided redskin undertook to go on strike, or haul freight for the hated free traders, old Angus was over like a shot, whipped away his wheel, or his horse or his harness — and usually won the day. Old-timers maintain that when ox-teams hauled the freight across this portage the presence of beef on the Company's mess table at Fort Fitzgerald or Fort Smith indicated without fail the demise from old age or overwork of some ancient and decrepit ox. As horses supplanted oxen, tough beef for many months thereafter became the *piece de resistance* at the mess tables, the meals being known by the names of the defunct animals supposed to have supplied the leathery meat!

It wasn't till the Lamson and Hubbard Company installed heavy-duty gasboats, and built the two hundred and twenty ton

sternwheeler, *Distributor*, at Fort Smith in 1920-21 that Northern transportation gradually emerged from almost Stone Age conditions. The following year I dispensed with angry Indians and their hay-wire outfits and arranged for Pat and Mickey Ryan to handle the Smith Portage freight, which led subsequently to a franchise, the widening and improving of the portage road, and the handling of a peak tonnage of ten thousand tons during the Great Bear Lake radium mining boom. A tonnage that reached astronomical proportions during the American invasion and the construction of the famed and much abused Canol Pipeline Project.

Always quiet and unassuming, Mickey Ryan had *his* own effective way of coping with rebellious teamsters. There was the occasion when "Red" Martin, a big, raw-boned skinner, engineered a strike at Waterways. What he wasn't going to do to Mickey wasn't worth telling, he roared, as he tossed ninety pound bales around like rubber balls. He was still mumbling about the "good cussin'!" he'd given Mickey in a note he had sent him that morning when there came the pounding of hooves and a horse and rider emerged from the poplars. Sliding quietly off his horse, Mickey approached the angry teamster, surveying him with a cool, hard smile. Red became uncomfortable, and his belligerency seemed to evaporate as he caught Mickey's penetrating blue eye.

"Say," drawled Mickey softly, "I just received that note of yours."

"Why . . er! . . uh! it was like this, Mickey . . ."

"O.K." Mickey stepped forward. "Either you eat them words right here and now or you take a lickin'. Come on," Mickey held out the offending note, "*eat them words*—and make it snappy!"

Gradually the piece of paper disappeared into Red's capacious mouth, and he commenced to munch away like a cow chewing her cud. Mickey watched with a grim smile. Red's Adam's apple rose and fell a couple of times, then Mickey vaulted into the saddle. Without another word he disappeared along the trail leading back to Fort McMurray. The strike was over!

* * * *

The Chipewyan tribe, who continue to trade their bear and muskrat pelts at Fort Chipewyan, cradle of exploration in Northern Alberta, believe that the world was originally inhabited by a mighty bird whose eyes were of fire and whose wings created the thunder. When this bird touched the waters with his wings it caused the earth to arise and remain forever upon the surface. Having produced this miracle the omnipotent bird then created all the different living creatures who inhabit it with the sole exception of the Chipewyan tribe, who derived their existence from a dog. Having completed this work the bird left with the tribe an arrow which was to remain a sacred emblem, but which they foolishly destroyed. So angry was the bird at this act of desecration that it never returned to earth again, and left the Chipewyans to fend for themselves in the inhospitable Barrens.

In olden days, the Chipewyans maintain, their people lived to a ripe old age and did not die till

their feet wore down from walking, or their throats with eating, and their mythology includes the story of a deluge which enveloped the whole earth, causing their ancestors to seek safety on the mountain tops.

After death they entered a new world where they embarked upon a mighty river in a stone canoe. A gentle current bore them onward until they arrived at a large lake, in the centre of which was a beautiful island having upon it everything the aboriginal heart could desire to make life pleasant, including fabulously beautiful women. Behind this island they would have to appear before some mighty spirits who would sit in judgment on them and decide whether their good or evil deeds in life predominated. If they had been good they were permitted to land on the island where they could indulge to their heart's content for the rest of Eternity in those carnal and sensual pleasures which, according to their viewpoint, represented the acme of bliss. If, on the other hand, they had led evil lives, the stone canoe would sink, leaving them to struggle for all time in the water within sight of their more fortunate companions.

* * * *

One hundred and fifty years ago this summer the Hudson's Bay Company reared the stockades of a puny fort on a river flat near

the present Fort Saskatchewan, destined to become the nucleus of future Fort Edmonton and the present prosperous city of today. A year before, in the race to conquer the fur lands of the Northwest, the dynamic North West Company of Montreal had pushed their barken craft across the continent to this same spot, and the brawny arms of sun-tanned *voyageurs* had erected Fort Augustus. Partly to keep a vigilant and jealous eye on each other's fur trading activities, and partly for mutual protection against warlike Indian tribes, the posts were founded side by side. After the amalgamation of the two great trading companies in 1821 under the name of the pioneer Hudson's Bay Company the name Fort Edmonton was retained, and that of Fort Augustus passed into oblivion.

Today, with the Alaska Highway an accomplished fact, and Soviet Russia linked with a chain of air ports radiating northwest from the city of Edmonton; with river transportation to the Arctic, and highways creeping northward to tap the hidden wealth of the Northland, those puny palisaded forts, alternately battling with each other for furs then joining hands to repel marauding Blackfeet, have fulfilled a great and unlooked for destiny in giving birth to a modern city that can truly call itself The Crossroads of the World.

ABOUT WOMEN

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.
Concerning the baby stare. If it's real she doesn't know enough. If it's not she knows too much.

The Trail of Tamowenuk

By

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Beneath the wolverine-trimmed hood of his caribou-skin ahtegi Iksik's genial face expanded into a broad grin as his slant-eyed huskies tore across the crusted drifts, causing the ice-shod komatik to leap and sway as though imbued with life.

"Easy!" cried Tamowenuk, his fur-clad wife, as she clutched desperately at the rawhide lashing which held the load of frozen caribou meat in place. "This komatik lurches like a wounded caribou."

Iksik's laugh ended in a croak of surprise. Across the whiteness of the snow-swept Barrens dark stains of smoke ascended high into the coppery sky.

"*Ik-kil-lin-ik!* Indians!" shrilled Tamowenuk. "Quick! turn the dogs. Those Eaters of Caribou will kill us."

But Iksik had his own ideas. He'd trailed the musk-oxen inland along the Arkiliniik; traded white fox pelts with the *Kablunats* at Fort Churchill, and once had journeyed deep into the mist-enshrouded fastnesses of the Polar ice-fields with a lone Mountie in search of an Eskimo murderer. Iksik prided himself upon being different from the rest of the Igluliks. He was an adventurer as well as a hunter, with supreme faith in his ability to take care of himself. Sending his five-fathom walrus-hide whip over the ears of his galloping team, he drove straight towards the redskin camp.

"*Attay!* Go ahead!" shrilled the rosy-cheeked Tamowenuk, "I'm afraid that we'll have trouble. Al-

ways the *Ik-kil-lin-ik* hated the Eskimos."

Ahead the snow was mottled with scrub spruce. They were nearing the Land of Little Sticks—the no-man's-land usually avoided by the Eskimos on account of the presence of their traditional enemies, the red men. Above the whiteness of the tundra arose at last the conical skin lodges of the Caribou Eaters. Hooded figures appeared here and there. Squaws ran, shouting, from lodge to lodge. Slat-ribbed Indian curs snarled angry warning. Then, into the motley horde of Indians careened the fan-shaped team of huskies yelping with delight as the swaying komatik sprayed the tawny bystanders with a cascade of glittering crystal.

For a moment Big Cheesie, mahogany-faced chief of the Caribou Eaters, surveyed his Eskimo visitors with mingled fear and amazement. If these two Eaters of Raw Flesh were bold enough to enter the camp of their ancient enemies there must be other Eskimos not far away. It would pay to be polite. So the Caribou Eaters met Iksik's friendly "*Chimo!*" with guttural "*Bo'jou's!*" and smiling faces.

That night the throb of painted tom-toms echoed far out over the frozen wastes as Eskimos and Indians feasted on roasted caribou meat, and split shinbones to dig out the succulent marrow. For two days and nights the feasting continued till Iksik's huge load of meat had diminished almost to the vanishing point.

"Ho! man from the land of polar bears," ejaculated Big Cheesie as he ponasked a juicy caribou steak before the leaping flames of his lodge fire, "tomorrow we leave for Fort Fitzgerald, six sleeps towards the setting sun. Come with us and see these white men and all the riches in their wooden lodges. Truly, your heart will be gladdened."

"That is fine, Big Brother," grinned Iksik. "I will go. Have your squaws take care of my wife. She expects soon to have a child."

Hardly had the murky light of dawn crept over the empurpled reaches of the tundra than Iksik hitched the walrus-hide breaststraps about his wire-haired huskies, rubbed noses with Tamowenuk, cracked his long lash over the pointed ears of his straining team, than the cavalcade was under way.

As the Eskimo's well-fed huskies continued, day after day, to outdistance the scrawny, ill-fed Indian curs, the Caribou-Eaters commenced to mutter among themselves. Over the crusted drifts of Nonacho Lake, Tekulthli Lake and Hill Island Lake the teams sped swiftly till, at sunset the sixth day, they emerged from the forested mouth of Dog River, careened with jangling bells into the frontier settlement of Fort Fitzgerald and pulled up before the Hudson's Bay post.

The arrival of Big Cheesie and his motley braves was received by Billy Lyall, the factor, with casual disinterest. Long experience with this troublesome and predatory band had taught both he and the other traders to keep them at a respectful distance. Their furs traded, they were relegated to the

squalid cabins reserved for visiting redskins, and given the customary hand-out of sowbelly, tea and hardtack.

But with Iksik it was different. Never before had the residents of Fort Fitzgerald seen an Eskimo in the flesh, and this cheerful son of the Polar spaces was received with open arms; his genial smile unlocking the doors of every cabin and trading post in the settlement. He was fed on food and delicacies he'd never dreamed existed. Presents of white man's clothing, knives, scissors, needles and shining axes were heaped upon him although he had no furs.

Back in the Indian cabins the mutterings of Big Cheesie's Caribou Eaters became more rabid. Why had they brought this Eater of Raw Flesh to see the whites, only to be ignored themselves while he was feted? Deeply the spears of jealousy stabbed into their hearts. But Iksik, warmed by the kindliness of these *Kab-lunats*, and absorbed with his glittering treasures, failed to notice the signs of the impending storm. Instead, his mind was occupied with the wonderful stories he'd have to tell Tamowenuk when he returned to the smoky lodges of the tribesmen.

Not till they were driving eastward along the forested shores of Lady Grey Lake did Iksik realize that anything was amiss. Eskimo-like, he made no comment, preserving an implacable, imperturbable calm in the face of lowering brows and scowling looks.

But it wasn't in Caribou Eater nature to long resist the temptation to take advantage of one apparently weaker than themselves. From scowls they turned

to jibes and insulting gestures. They laughed at the way he ate his food. They ridiculed the way he fondled his sharp-eared huskies. Then, as they kindled a blazing campfire on the crest of a rocky ridge one night, Big Cheesie resorted to open taunts. "No one who called himself a man," leered the savage, "would eat from the same pot as his dogs." A burst of raucous laughter greeted this sally. "Any man who so acts," continued Cheesie, warmed by the approval of his companions, "must have been sired by a dog himself."

Quickly Iksik rose from the stone on which he had been sitting and slipped down the steep bank towards the frozen creek, followed by the jeering laughter of his companions. Above him the Indians were silhouetted clearly against the leaping flames of the campfire. Their ribald laughter still echoed over the rocks when the staccato reverberations of a rifle suddenly echoed through the ravine. Far below the purple darkness was stabbed by livid spears of flame. As Iksik's Winchester spat fire, the Caribou Eaters cavorted in fear and anguish as they attempted to avoid the leaden pellets. Leaping for the protection of adjacent boulders they yelled to the Eskimo to desist.

At last the shooting ceased. But Iksik did not show up. As though the earth had swallowed him he disappeared completely. All night the Indians shivered in the biting cold behind the rocks and boulders, fearful of replenishing the fire lest they again become targets for the Eskimo's bullets.

Having attended to their wounded, the dejected and dispirited

redskins pulled out at daylight for their lodges, hauling their wounded "heroes" on toboggans, their courage far below the zero mark.

There was but one way to wipe out the stain of this affront—to take it out on the defenseless Tamowenuk!

Screaming squaws greeted their return with word that Tamowenuk had become a mother a couple of days before. Angrily they turned upon the defenseless woman, driving her, sobbing, from the camp with neither food nor weapons—her naked infant nestling in the furred hood of her *koolitan*. Her protests availed her nothing. They seemed only to add fuel to the bitter hatred that burned in the breasts of the motley Caribou Eaters, who made the stunted spruce woods ring with their taunting laughter as her heart-rending cries came echoing back across the frozen tundra.

Between the spot where the Caribou Eaters had cast Tamowenuk away, and the homes of her Iglulik people on the sterile shores of Hudson Bay, lay, in stark and utter isolation, seven hundred miles of treeless, blizzard-swept, snow-covered tundra. Not a stick, not a tree, not even a solitary hill was there to break the dread monotony of whiteness. Inhabited only by the Arctic hare, the white fox, the gaunt wolf and the migratory caribou, the unutterable loneliness of this vast, illimitable Land of Cain dulled one's very soul and stultified the mind.

But the Stone Age mother came of a race renowned for its courage and resourcefulness. Now and then she clubbed an Arctic hare.

Coming across a partly-devoured caribou pulled down by ravening wolves, and not yet frozen, she feasted on the raw, red meat. From one of the bones she made a knife, and from a rib and a piece of driftwood fashioned a spear. Other bones she made into fish-hooks, while from the skin and sinews she manufactured snares and fishlines.

Spearing an occasional caribou; snaring the odd ptarmigan and Arctic hare; fishing where swift water had prevented ice from forming, she made her way slowly across the dismal Barrens. When assailed by biting blizzards from the Pole she erected a snow igloo, using her bone knife to cut the snow-blocks, warming it with a blubber lamp contrived from a cupped rock in which she burned caribou grease for fuel, striking a light from a metal ornament on her dress and a flint picked up in the Barrens.

In spring she awaited the caribou migration at a crossing on the Dubwant, speared a dozen or more as they swam the stream in countless thousands, jerked the meat and hauled it behind her on a roughly-improvised sled. Nearly a year after being cast away by Big Cheesie and his redskin rascals she trudged into a huddle of dome-shaped igloos, her child alive and kicking in her hood. It was the village of her people!

But what had happened to Iksik? Inquiries at neighbouring camps, and at the Hudson's Bay post at Chesterfield Inlet, proved fruitless. Had he succumbed to icy blizzards that swept those awesome Barrens over which she'd fought such a desperate fight? Or, had he fallen victim to hun-

ger and starvation, for the wolves and foxes to gnaw his bones?

A month later the Igluliks departed to hunt for caribou. The weeks slipped by, then loud shouts arising above the howling of the wind announced the return of the hunters. Crawling through the snow tunnels, women and children observed shadowy figures fighting their way through the swirling curtain of spinning flakes. But there were six in the party instead of five! Who was the other man? Suddenly Tamowenuk emitted a hoarse croak of delight and catapulted forward. A moment later she was in the arms of the attenuated, but still smiling, Iksik.

Exactly six months after Tamowenuk had been cast so heartlessly away Big Cheesie and his braves stampeded into Fort Fitzgerald. Ragged and starving, they sought out Inspector Anderson at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks on the hill. "The Eskimos," they cried, "they've driven us from our hunting grounds. Wherever we go they haunt us, skulking among the rocks and gullies, waiting for a chance to kill us. All the way into the fort these Eaters of Raw Flesh have dogged our trail. Give us food," they whined, "our squaws and children are starving."

A few days later Constables Grinstead and Baker escorted the terror-stricken redskins back to their hunting grounds to investigate. Not a sign of an Eskimo was anywhere to be seen. Haunted by their guilty consciences, the Caribou Eaters had simply developed a case of nerves, seeing an imaginary Eskimo in every rock and shadow. Fearful of being at-

tacked by vengeful enemies they'd been afraid to hunt and trap; abandoned everything in a frenzy of fear, and almost starved in their precipitate flight to carry their troubles to the Mounted Police.

Today Iksik and Tamowenuk still live, and hunt, happily in their Polar home near Hudson Bay. But to this day Big Cheesie's Caribou Eaters haunt the out-

skirts of Fort Fitzgerald, ragged and hungry; afraid to return to their erstwhile hunting grounds, where caribou are plentiful, lest the vengeance of the Eskimos be visited upon them.

NOTE: The details of this story were given the writer by Inspector Anderson ("Andy"), of the R.C.M. Police, in 1921, just after these events occurred. Later, on an exploratory journey by dog-team through the Caribou Eater hunting grounds, I also heard Big Cheesie's version.—P.H.G.

"In the Meantime"

By

Charles "Denny" LaNauze

Billy Carroll and Pete McCalum were old trappers, both very talkative, as some trappers are who live alone. When they meet someone they just let their tongues run as they please.

They were both headed for a Peace River trading post when they met on the trail one cold January day. It was one of those *really* cold days; still as death, with no bottom to the thermometer.

"We just got talking," Billy said, "and as we stood there it got colder and colder. My eyelids

were almost sticking together with the cold, the sort of frozen stillness you could actually *hear*. Soon I heard little sounds, like particles of ice falling, then I noticed the sounds coincided with the sound of our voices. So help me! the breath from our mouths was freezing as we spoke and fell in ice around us. Then we got arguing about the price of fur, and before we knew it we were each surrounded with our own frozen eloquence. Picking our axes off the sleds we chopped ourselves out and went on to the fort."

NEIGHBOURS

There is a story told about an old Quaker who stood at the village well greeting weary travellers who passed along the way. And to each who asked, "What kind of people live around here?" he would respond with another question, "What kind of people did thee find in thy last abode?"

If the traveller said he had left a community where people were bright gay, genial and fun-loving, the Quaker father would answer promptly that the questing one would find them much the same in his community. But to travellers who complained they had left a community where people were ugly, quarrelsome and ill-tempered the patriarch would sadly shake his head and say, "Alas, brother, here thee will find them much the same."

Belly River Dan

A Ballad of the early days in old Lethbridge

By

K. D. Johnson

Belly River Dan was southern
Alberta's pride.
He was six feet six from top to toe
—he was forty inches wide.
His voice was like a wolf's, he had
hell-fire in his eye,
And a battle with six-shooters was
to him just "apple pie".

Belly River Dan as a babe raised
merry hell,
He was bottle fed on cactus juice
and Lobo's milk as well.
He bossed his nurse when three
years old, also his brother Tim,
Then told his Dad where he "got
off" when Daddy scolded him.

Now, down in old Lethbridge lived
Julie Laurendeau,
A dark-eyed prairie belle who
came from River Bow.
She worked for Gene Boutellier
in Gene's bodega there,
And Shorty Miron loved her from
her heels up to her hair.

Shorty was young and tender, he
had never "beefed" a foe,
So when Dan from Belly River
came poor Shorty stood no
show.

For the fickle female smiled at
Dan, and Dan, he grinned at her
While he picked his teeth with a
carving fork and combed his
hair with a spur.

Shorty's poor heart was torn when
he saw Dan plant a kiss
On the luscious lips of Julie where
he oft had sought for bliss.

He sneaked behind the bar afeelin'
like the deuce,
And tried to drown his sorrow in
a jug of "Prune Juice."

Old Gene's "Red Eye" was strong
and when it hit the spot
Young Miron's soul was fortified
and rendered wild and hot.
He sprang upon the bar and, ut-
tering a yell,
He drew a great big butcher knife
and leaped at Dan-i-el.

Now, Daniel's hand was swift, his
gun was very true.
His bullets coming thick and fast
pierced Miron thru' and thru'.
And though he should have bled
to death he bled no gore at all,
For, instead of bleeding blood,
he bled high-proof alcohol.

All rattled at the sight Dan turned
too late to flee,
And Shorty reached him with a
knife and carved him merrillee.
He cut a piece of "bilin' beef" from
off his brisket bone,
Then chopped his arms and legs
apart so Daniel did atone.

Now up in heaven the angels
laugh, while the Devil down in
hell
Is swearing sulty sulphurous oaths
about our Dan-i-el.
For his imps are working over-
time and drawing extra pelf,
Assembling Daniel's remnants to
look something like himself.

Oh! Belly River Dan, Oh! Danny,
Dan-i-el,
He lost his place on earth, in
Heaven he could not dwell.
For the Angels would not gather
up his remnants where they
fell
When he got chopped to little bits,
so Belly River went to hell.

* * * *

Dan was a cowboy who worked
on the ranches between Macleod

and Lethbridge. Miron was one of
the first butchers in Lethbridge,
being a partner in Piche & Miron's
shop. The Laurendeau's were
early settlers along the Bow River
east of Calgary. As you probably
know, "Prune Juice" and "Red
Eye" were the names given to the
liquor brought into southern Al-
berta by the rum runners in the
early days.

The Clue of the Skull

By

Norman Luxton

Andrew Sibbald was the first
school teacher Morleyville had
ever had. I've forgotten the exact
year he arrived from Ontario with
his family, but I think it was in
the middle Seventies.

One fall a party of five young
men set out from Ontario in the
usual old-time carts, or prairie
wagons, en route to Westminster.
Arriving at Morleyville after a
long and tedious journey they
discovered they could go no fur-
ther on wheels. Seeking out
David McDougall they traded
their carts for saddle horses and
pack ponies, bought a few extra
supplies, and departed. Nothing
further was heard of them till the
following spring, when two of the
party arrived back at the settle-
ment. They were returning East,
they said, but their companions
had decided to continue on to the
coast. Knowing that Mr. Sibbald
was the only possible authority
this side of Fort Garry (now Win-
nipeg) they asked if he would
take note of the fact that their

friends had discovered, and staked
out, some hot springs up the Bow
River some forty miles west of
Morleyville. "This is merely a
precaution," one of them smiled.
"The boys intend registering them
properly at the first opportunity."
After spending a few days with
Mr. Sibbald they departed. Then,
a year later, the school teacher re-
ceived three letters, one from each
of the families of the three young
men who were supposed to have
gone on to the coast. Did he have
any idea as to their whereabouts?
Were they, by any chance, around
Morleyville? All inquiries failed.
The boys had disappeared as com-
pletely as though the earth had
opened up and swallowed them.

* * * *

Forty years later, in the village
of Banff, William Peyto and a Mr.
Luxton formed a partnership and
indulged in the fascinating hobby
of unearthing old sites of the
Snareing Indians, several of which
are to be found around Banff;
hunting for fossils, and seeking out

old Indian relics. In the course of their travels one day they came across a pile of weathered bones on the side of Tunnel Mountain which, according to their formation, they concluded must be those of white men. Besides two thigh bones and arm bones discovered by William Peyto, a skull was discovered by Mr. Luxton, which he also judged to be that of a young white man. Over the right eye socket was a small bullet hole about the size of a .28 muzzle-loading rifle, a type very popular with traders and Indians of that day.

When Mr. Sibbald was shown the bones and skull he was quite satisfied they were the answers to the letters he had received back in the Seventies.

Now, the Bow Valley, from the foothills, in as far as the Bow

Summit and over the Vermilion and Kootenay Pass, has always been jealously guarded by the Indians, whether they come from the Columbia Valley or down the Bow from the Saskatchewan. Even as late as the Eighties, Canadian Pacific Railway surveyors found this out, and it was only through one of them being able to cure an Indian of some simple sickness that the great road was continued without bloodshed. The Indians let them pass, looking upon them, no doubt, as great medicine men.

But not so fortunate were the three young men who came West, seeking fame and fortune. In staking out the hot springs in this jealously guarded area they had, no doubt, signed their death warrants. Incidentally, the skull now rests with other relics in the Luxton Museum at Banff.

THE WALLET

Old Bill Greathouse's place was a great hangout for stag parties. One night a crowd came from Provost to engage in an all night poker game, with whiskey on the side. It was Bill's lucky night, and after he'd cleaned out the boys all hit the hay. At noon Bill pulled on his pants and started to cook breakfast. Deciding to count his winnings he reached into his pocket and found his wallet gone. With a roar he grabbed his trusty six-shooter and lined his frightened guests against the wall. Sure enough, there was his wallet in the pocket of the last man in the row. Bill would probably have committed murder if the others hadn't insisted that he let the culprit explain. The explanation was simple. Due to his hangover, Bill had donned the first pair of pants he laid his hands on, and so the pantless one had no choice but to put on Bill's.

REMEMBER?

Has it ever occurred to you:
That other people may find it difficult to get on with you?
That you were young yourself once?
That others have a right to their own opinions?
That what you do and say helps to shape other lives?
That home is where you ought to be at your best, not your worst?
That you can begin again?
That you might have tried harder?

The Dead Man Who Pumped Water

By

William Spindler

Thirty years ago I was working for a lumberman in an up-river camp about 100 miles southwest of Edmonton, - Alberta, freighting, making the round trip to Edmonton every seven days.

Ask any old-timer what's the coldest job in these parts and they will tell you "on the tote road." That was a bitter winter, the thermometer often reaching sixty below. On this particular trip I was pulling into a stopping place for the night, frozen stiff and about starving. The old team was about played out for the heavy snow was like sand.

I was caring for my team, anticipating a good hot supper, when I heard the pump rattle in the stable yard. Thinking another tote team had pulled in I closed the barn door only to hear a strange moaning from the direction of the pump. I grabbed my lantern and proceeded to investigate. Passing another sleigh I glanced into the box and noticed a pile of disarranged blankets. The rays of my lantern showed me the source of the groans. With one hand on the pump handle, his feet in frozen socks and no cover on his head, stood, or rather crouched, the most woe-begone human being I have ever seen. Clotted blood over his hairy face and chest was frozen solid, one arm was dangling and useless. Moaning and groaning, he was about to collapse as I took hold of him.

I yelled for someone to come from the house, but they were evidently busy with their supper.

Rolling the stranger in the blankets I tore over to the house. The farmer, his wife, a grown-up son, daughter and two strangers sat at the table. "Who is the man outside?" I shouted.

"Oh! that's a poor stiff," remarked a lumberjack. "He got killed in the camp this morning. Tree fell on him."

"Well," I cried, "he was trying to get a drink at the pump!"

"You're crazy," came the contemptuous retort. "He's been dead twelve hours."

The only person who seemed to grasp the situation was the landlady, a big strapping woman of about two hundred and fifty pounds. Hurrying out with me we picked up the poor fellow, who was semi-conscious, and carried him into the house. The others, by this time, were eager to give a hand.

In the better light of the house the crippled man looked worse than ever. His face was swollen; frozen blood covered his head, neck and chest; one arm was smashed, and no doubt he had other injuries. We laid him on an old sofa. The landlady got hot water and started to wash his head and face while I tried to feed him a few drops of broth with a teaspoon. Moaning and groaning all the time while swallowing the liquid, he gradually opened a very blue eye. He had thick black hair, a black beard, and appeared to be a rather distinguished looking man in spite of his smashed-up appearance.

For an hour we did all we could. His two companions seemed anxious to help, but were afraid to come too near as, to them, he was still a dead man. Lumberjacks of that period were very superstitious and generally quite illiterate.

It was twenty-five miles to the nearest doctor at Stony Plain, and another twenty on to the city. With only heavy horses to make the trip, and the thermometer hitting fifty below, we heated stones, got a couple of extra stable lanterns, and while the son got ready one of the farm teams we put the man in the sleigh, covered with blankets and quilts. With the son driving, and one of his mates beside him to watch the lanterns, they started out about midnight for Stony Plain, where the doctor looked the stranger over and rushed him to the city hospital.

On my way to camp it suddenly dawned upon me that I didn't even know the man's name.

Four or five years later I was working on the river drive, and since they needed men I went down-river on a small raft to the city. Street cars had just been put on the Edmonton streets so, fancying the novelty of a ride, I climbed on at First street and Jasper. The conductor, a dark man with very blue eyes, smart and trim, took my money, and stopped and looked at me.

"Did you live up-river a few years ago?" he asked. "Do you remember a man being killed at one of the camps one very cold spell?"

"Yes!" I said.

"Then," he beamed, "you must be the man that gave me the hot soup at that old lady's place back in the jungles and helped bring me back to life."

He pulled off his cap and showed me a big white scar right across his head. His arm had been crushed, some of his fingers and toes had been frozen, and other parts of his body had been badly bruised, but the hospital had patched him up wonderfully, and he insisted that he was as good as ever..

By this time I had circled the route and jumped off after saying good-bye to my unnamed friend, who could not thank me enough for the little service I had done him.

Soon after came August, 1914. I joined up and was overseas some three years. When I returned my wife told me that the 'flu had carried off the entire family of our kindly stopping-place folks. As for "the dead man who pumped water," I believe he went overseas and is amongst those to whom we pay homage every November 11th.

FISH STORY

When the first homesteaders came to the Eye Hill District they crowded the ranchers off the map. The cattlemen resented this intrusion, but it must have given them some comfort to realize that farmers would not last long on the sandy soil. One of these settlers asked a cowboy whether there were any fish in Eye Hill Creek.

"No!" the rider chortled, "but there are a hell of a lot of suckers settling along it."

How Dave McDougall Hunted Wild Geese

By

K. D. Johnson

A Mounted Policeman patrolling the Stony Indian Reserve at Morley called at Dave McDougall's house one day about noon. They invited him in to stay for dinner, the main dish being two roasted wild geese.

The meal over, they were having their after dinner smoke, when the policeman inquired: "Do you get many wild geese here, Mr. McDougall?"

"No," Dave answered, "very few. It was just my luck I got these. "The road, you see, has been in such bad shape lately that we could not drive forty miles to Calgary for supplies, and we were running short of grub. Well, a couple of days ago I thought I'd go to the barnyard and kill a couple of chickens. I just got out into the yard when I heard a flock of geese honking. Looking around the end of the barn I saw a flock of about twenty geese circling over the coulee. Finally I saw them settle down in a little slough surrounded by high bullrushes, about three hundred yards from the house. 'Here,' I thought, 'is a good chance to get some good meat', so I went back to the house for my gun, a single-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun with a steel ramrod. I put some powder in the gun and rammed it down with

some paper, but when I looked for the shot I found my shot pouch was empty. My chance of getting some geese appeared to evaporate into thin air. Then an idea came into my head. Wrapping some paper around the end of the ramrod so it would fit tightly I shoved it down the gun barrel on top of the powder. I slipped a gun-cap on the nipple and went out the back door. The geese were still there in the slough. Sneaking down the coulee out of sight of the geese I stalked them carefully until within about a hundred yards of the slough. Then I got down on hands and knees and crawled up into the bullrushes at the edge of the slough. The geese were sitting close together in the middle of it, most of them with their heads under their wings having a siesta. I yanked the gun to my shoulder and yelled 'Shoo!' As the geese all popped up their heads I pulled the trigger, waded out into the slough and, believe it or not, picked up *eleven* dead geese."

"Ah! but David," Mrs. McDougall reminded him, "ye forgot the one that fell behind the barn. That made the even dozen ye shot with that ramrod."

This story was told me by Corporal Chalmers after his return to Calgary from duty on the Stony Indian Reserve in 1897.

THE POINT OF VIEW

When a boy has a fight, Mother says, "Did you get hurt?" Father says, "Did you spoil your clothes?" Brother says, "Did you lick him?"

The Story of the Blood Indians

By

Rev. Canon S. H. Middleton,
C.E.D., C. St. J., F.R.E.S., B.Sc.

"Indian" is the name generally given to all the aborigines, or original people of both North and South America. It was first wrongly applied by the Spaniards at the time of the discovery of America, under the mistaken idea that they had landed in India.

The first historical record of the Blood Indians was given by Anthony Hendry when he met them on the western plains on October 14th, 1754. They were then camping with the north and south Blackfeet and Peigans, which four tribes formed the original Blackfoot Confederacy. These political divisions of the Blackfoot Nation have been very definite for many centuries, and their origins have long had a place in Indian mythology. The genesis of these divisions must forever remain obscure, although there are many indications as to the order of their evolution. As this article is only an outline, the legends explaining each separate identity cannot be dealt with here.

In the remote past, according to their history, they were held for many centuries in the Northland as captives, inhabiting the forests and muskegs of the Slave Lake and Peace River country. They were literally held in bondage, as the Egyptians held the Israelites. Their captors treated them as Slaves—from whence arose the names Great and Lesser Slave Lakes. Many historians mention this fact.

Ultimately, however, the captives became so strong that they drove their captors south and east. Then commenced the famous southern migration of the Confederacy, moving as one vast army from forty to fifty thousand strong. They came south, driving the Crows, the Shoshones, the Nez Percés and the Crees before them, and laid claim to that vast territory stretching from the Red Deer River in the north to the Yellowstone in the south; beyond the Saskatchewan in the east, and to the crest of the Rockies in the west. As proof of their valour, courage and native ability they successfully held all that enormous area against aggression by enemy tribes until it was subsequently taken from them by Treaty and peaceable negotiation.

In that long ago, when the Indians were the masters of this vast domain, they had time for leisure, reflection and meditation. They developed intellectually far beyond what we have been led to suppose. In physique they were, and still are, tall and finely proportioned. Their ethics and code of morality were almost Spartan in their rectitude.

They were the highest type, physically, mentally and morally of any of the western tribes, and their courage was unquestioned. They were intensely religious. No people prayed more earnestly nor more frequently. In the domestic sphere they possessed the art of

tanning deerskin to a delicate softness which rendered it a luxurious and delightful raiment, and, like the Aztecs of the south, they manufactured head-dresses of feathers and garments trimmed with porcupine work. They also had elaborated a system of picture writing. In short, the Bloods were the most intelligent and advanced of the western tribes, and had their civilization been permitted to proceed unhindered by white aggression, and the recurring inroads of their hereditary enemies, it would probably have developed into something resembling that of the original people of Mexico, without, perhaps, exhibiting the sanguinary fanaticism of that people.

The Indian name representing the tribe is "Kai-nau", derived from "Ah-kai-hah" — "many chiefs".

So far as history and tradition go the Bloods have long been roving buffalo hunters, dwelling in tepees and moving like nomads from place to place without permanent habitations. Their traditions go back to a time when they had no horses, and hunted their game on foot, but as early as Hendry's time, before 1754, they had already acquired many horses, taken from tribes to the southward, and later became noted for their great horse herds.

Unquestionably their widespread wanderings arose largely from the acquisition of the horse and, about the same time, of the gun. They were restless, aggressive, predatory—constantly at war with their neighbours: the Crees, Assinaboines, Sioux, Crows and Kutenias.

Their culture in latter days was that of the Plains tribes generally.

The four main divisions seem to have been independent of each other, each having its own Sun Dance, Council and elective head-chief.

Each of the four tribes was subdivided into a number of bands, about forty in all. The gentile character of these bands is still retained. There is also a military and fraternal organization, known amongst them as the "All Comrades" and consists of at least twelve orders, or societies, membership being restricted more or less according to age.

They have innumerable dances: religious, war and social, besides secret societies for various purposes, together with many "sacred bundles" around each of which centres a complex ritual. The chief order amongst them is the "Horn Society". Both sexes may be members of some societies. Their principal deities are the Sun, and a supernatural being known as "Napi"—Old man—who may be an incarnation of the same idea. The dead were usually deposited in trees, or were laid away in tepees erected on prominent hills.

Previous to the 17th century very little seems to have been heard of the Bloods. This is probably due to their absorption in the Blackfoot Confederacy, and the lack of reliable historians during those remote times. Definite records, however, appear from time to time, mention being made of them in 1754, 1774, 1786 and 1794. Walch speaks of them in 1805; Henry in 1808; Franklin in 1824; Maximilian in 1843, and Hale in 1846. Morgan gives a translation of the name as "high minded people" in 1871.

In the olden times they were a stronger and hardier race, and few of them were ever sick. Most of those who died either met death in battle, or died of old age. We may well believe this was the case since the conditions of their life in those primitive times were such that the weakly were hardly likely to survive early childhood. Only the strongest children would grow up to become the parents of the next generation. Thus a process of selection was constantly going on, the effect of which was no doubt reflected in the general health of the people.

With the advent of the whites came new conditions. Smallpox and other diseases were introduced and swept off large numbers of the people. In the year 1845 they were first decimated by the smallpox. This disease appears to have travelled up the Missouri River, and between 1840 and 1850 swept away hordes of Mandans, Sioux, Crows and other tribes camped along the great river. The disease spread from tribe to tribe and finally reached the Bloods. In the winter of 1857-58 smallpox again carried off great numbers, though the mortality was not to be compared with that of the earlier visitation. In 1864 measles ravaged the camps, with fatal results; followed five years later by still another smallpox epidemic.

The early history of southern Alberta and the names of many of its geographical centres were closely associated with the Blood Indians.

The Mounted Police arrived in 1874, and on September 22nd, 1877, a Treaty was concluded between the Blackfoot Confederacy

and the Canadian Government, which covered an area of 35,000 square miles. A subsequent and separate treaty was made with the Bloods which set aside the tract of land now known as the Blood Indian Reserve. It is situated on the south-west corner of Alberta.

This splendid tract of land, well watered, was assigned to the Blood Indians on July 2nd, 1883, when treaty was made and ratified between the Great White Mother (Queen Victoria) and the Bloods. Five hundred and forty-one square miles in extent, it is the largest Indian reserve in the Dominion, with a present population of 1,664 Indians.

At the time of signing treaty the Bloods had no settled habitations. Their nomadic habits made it impossible to operate day schools successfully and led to the institution of boarding schools, which are now recognized by the Government as the most useful types of institutions for educating native children.

The administration of the reserve is carried on under the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, and is represented by a resident Indian Agent, clerks, farm instructors, interpreters and native assistants. There is a Government hospital located on the reserve, while education is assigned to both Anglican and Roman Catholic churches.

The Indian farms are divided into four groups, each under the supervision of a resident farm superintendent. There are approximately ten thousand acres under cultivation, while the Bloods also own large numbers of horses, the proverbial cayuse having almost disappeared from the reserve.

The Blood Indians have long been noted for their haughty demeanour, dignified bearing and independent spirit, and are regarded as being amongst the most progressive and intellectual Indians in Western Canada.

As a man the Blood Indian is not very different from his white brother. In his natural state he is kind and affectionate to his family, and is hospitable, honest and straightforward with his fellow

tribesmen. He is intensely religious; no people pray more frequently or more earnestly. In the march of progress Indian men and women are today attaining places of honour side by side with the Paleface. Let us hope that the ancient virtues of courage and endurance which have stood the Indian people in such good stead in the past will assist their descendants in the even more strenuous tasks of adapting themselves to the inroads of modern civilization.

HOTEL REGULATIONS, 1882

The old Macleod Hotel was rough, ready and typically Western. It was run by Harry Taylor, who had managed to be both missionary and whiskey trader in his time. "Old Kamoose," they called him. Outside "Kamoose's" hotel was the sign "Macleod Hotel" with a picture of a gun pointing at a man's head, followed by the inscription, "No jawbone—in God we trust, all others cash."

Here are some of the rules as laid down by the proprietor:

Boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.

Every known fluid, water excepted, for sale at the bar.

Special rates to Gospel grinders and the gambling profession.

Towels changed weekly. Insect powder for sale at the bar.

No kicking regarding the food.

Those who do not like the provender will get out or be put out.

All guests are requested to rise at six a.m. The sheets are needed for table cloths.

No cheques cashed for anybody. Payment must be in cash, gold, or blue chips.

The bar will be open day and night. Day drinks, 50c; night drinks, \$1.00. No mixed drinks will be served except in case of a death in the family.

Baths furnished free down at the river. Bathers must provide their own soap and towels.

When guests find themselves, or baggage, thrown over the fence they may consider it notice to quit.

To attract attention, of waiters or bell boys, shoot a hole through door panel. Two shots for ice water; three for a deck of cards.

Fur Fort to Capital

By

W. Everard Edmonds

Edmonton's early history goes back to 1795, the period when the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company were interlocked in a deadly grapple for the trade of the north-western half of the North American continent. Their interests clashed most directly in the valley of the Saskatchewan and along that great river several rival trading posts were built. The two of greatest interest to us today were Fort Augustus, the property of the North West Company, and Fort Edmonton, the Hudson's Bay Company's post built in 1795. These two posts were founded side by side, partly to watch each other and partly for mutual protection against the war-like Indians of the plains. In 1821, when the two companies were united under the name of the older company, the name Fort Edmonton was retained, and that of Fort Augustus was dropped. Nevertheless, these two forts were the parents of the Edmonton we know today, though they were situated some twenty miles away from the site of the present city.

Old Fort Augustus and Fort Edmonton were destroyed by Indians about 1807 or 1808, and a little later two new forts were erected farther up the river on the site of the present city.

The peril to the forts along the Saskatchewan arose partly from the fact that the river tended to be the debatable frontier between the Blackfoot Confederacy of Plains Indians to the south and

the Crees who were dwellers in the forests to the north. As Alexander Henry says in his Journal: "The frequent disturbances between the Slaves (Blackfeet) and the Crees cause a certain jealousy which they often wish to revenge on us, saying that we are more partial to one tribe than to the other." Thus that very central position, advantageous for trade because the forts were easily accessible to the members of both tribes, was really a source of danger to the traders.

The spring of the following year, however, saw the next phase of Edmonton's early and precarious existence. In 1810 Hughes and Henry decided to abandon Fort Augustus and Fort Vermilion some distance down the river, and to build a new post at a point somewhere between. The post chosen was the mouth of the White Mud River. The reason for the change, as Henry explains, was that White Mud or White Earth "being a more central place, will answer the same purpose as the two present establishments, and will save the expense of one of them. It will also draw all the Slaves (Blackfeet) to trade at one place, where we can better defend ourselves from their insults."

Apparently the Hudson's Bay Company officials shared in this decision, for we find that the migration to the new site and the erection of the new posts was carried on in close conjunction and even co-operation by the em-

ployees of the two Companies. Thus the same Blackfoot peril which had led to the abandonment of Old Fort Augustus for New Fort Augustus in 1808, now caused the desertion of the latter for New White Earth House in 1810.

Just how long the site of the present city remained deserted after its abandonment in 1810, it is difficult to say. It is possible that the family of David Thompson, the explorer, spent the winter of 1810-11 in the fort. In May, 1811, Alexander Henry, on his way down the river from Rocky Mountain House, pitched his tent inside the old house. In 1814 John McDonald of Garth, returning from Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia entered Fort Augustus. In 1820, however, Dr. Richardson, the physician accompanying Sir John Franklin's expedition to the Polar Sea, travelled up the Saskatchewan as far as Carlton House, where he records in his journal the fact that "there are other provision posts, Fort Augustus and Edmonton, farther up the river." As Dr. Richardson wrote in 1820, it is possible that the posts were re-occupied in 1819 or even earlier.

Richardson did not actually visit Fort Augustus, and we are indebted to Alexander Ross, one of the pioneer fur traders of the Pacific slope, for a picture of life in Edmonton over a hundred years ago. Ross, who had decided to retire from trade, met Governor Simpson at Spokane House in 1825, and accompanied him back to Rupert's Land. The party had ascended the Columbia to Portage Point. Thence they had toiled across the Athabasca Pass to Rocky Mountain House, and then

descending the Athabasca, past Jasper House to Fort Assinaboine, they had there taken horse for Edmonton.

For four years now the strife of Nor'Wester and Hudson's Bay in the land had been hushed. Rival posts had been amalgamated and there was now but one fort at Edmonton, the name of the Hudson's Bay station having been retained. But it was a striking mark of the union which had taken place that while the Hudson's Bay name remained, the official in charge was Chief Factor Rowand, who had been a partner in the North West Company. "Fort Edmonton," says Ross, "is a large, compact establishment, with good buildings, palisades and bastions, pleasantly situated in a deep valley. An extensive and profitable trade is carried on with warlike tribes of the plains." The fort here referred to was doubtless the old building halfway up the river bank, with which old-timers are familiar, and not any mere restoration of the still older forts on the flats which had been abandoned in 1810. Of the men who ruled over this well set up and prosperous post Ross gives a pleasing picture. "Mr. Chief Factor Rowand, who has been long here, is the chief man of what is called the Fort Saskatchewan district. By him we were received with open arms. Gentlemen in the service are in the habit of receiving all strangers, whether of high or low rank, with courtesy and affability."

That evening in honour of the presence of the governor a grand ball was held which the entire population attended, arrayed in their best attire. For the affair as a whole, and for the ladies in par-

ticular, Ross has nothing but praise. "I had often heard the females of Fort des Prairies were celebrated for their attraction," he says, "and I must say that report had not in the least degree exaggerated their accomplishments. Modest and unassuming, they dressed well, danced well, and made a good show of fineries. In short, the whole affair was conducted with much good taste and decorum." As the annual boat brigade for York Factory, with which the party was now to travel, was not yet ready to depart, Ross had leisure to look about the fort, of which he leaves an interesting picture.

Even at this early day, thanks to the gift for discipline of Mr. Rowand, Edmonton's population had assumed a moral, orderly, industrious character. "I had seen very few places in the country," says Ross, "where domestic arrangements, either within doors or without, were conducted with so much propriety as at this place. At almost every other post men and women are to be seen congregating together during the sports and amusements of the men. But it is not so here. I did not see a woman, old or young, married or single, going about the place idle; all seemed to keep at home and to be employed about their own affairs. This reflects great credit upon Mr. Rowand and his family."

Ross notes also the agricultural activities of the fort. "Attached to this place," he says, "are two large parks for raising grain, and the soil being good, it produces large crops of barley and potatoes; but the spring and fall frosts prove injurious to wheat, which in consequence seldom comes to maturity."

Adjoining the cultivated fields was a race course some two miles in length. Here horse-racing, one of the chief summer sports of the establishment, was indulged in. Ross himself enjoyed a good gallop around the course on a steed of Mr. Rowand's, a chestnut sixteen hands high and very spirited. Many of the horses, he declared, for both size and muscle, were as fine animals as he had ever seen in the country.

It will be noted that the Alberta capital has borne a number of names. The North Westers called it Fort Augustus, and Ross refers to it as Fort de Prairie or Fort des Prairies. The name Edmonton, taken from that famous suburb in London connected with John Gilpin's ride, is, however, the one applied to it by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the one that has remained.

Alexander Henry has made very clear to us that trading with the Indians at the fort had an element of danger in it, and so much was this appreciated by the Hudson's Bay Company that a loaded blunderbuss was fixed on the trader's counter, in front of which the Indian fur seller was strategically placed for summary execution if he showed signs of creating trouble. "I visited the old store," says Hon. Frank Oliver, "on my arrival in Edmonton, and although it had not been used for ten years, one could easily see how business was conducted. All approaches to the store were directly in the line of fire so that the Indian had a pretty fair idea that he had better come to the purchasing counter peaceably inclined. Any other attitude on his part would have been indiscreet, to say the least."

The old fort below the present parliament buildings had an eighteen foot palisade around its four walls. This was supplemented by a gallery, rimmed with port holes. At each corner was a blockhouse of two storeys, the upper one projecting sufficiently to prevent its being scaled by a hostile foe. In the front wall of this fort and facing the river was the big gate just wide enough for a team to drive through; a short distance from this was the only other gate, a small wicket, through which a man had to stoop in order to pass. In the store itself, the larger space was for the clerk, the smaller one for the customer.

Although Edmonton was abandoned for a time as a chief distributing centre by the Hudson's Bay Company, in favour of Fort Carlton, then a centre of the buffalo trade, it came back to its own in the days of river navigation in the early eighties. It was clearly proven then, as it has since been proved more than once, that Edmonton was the logical route to the great unknown north with all its boundless resources.

Following the transfer of the Hudson's Bay Company's rights to the Canadian Government, the Edmonton settlement was established about 1870. Through the efforts of the Rev. George McDougall, the devoted missionary, the Methodist Church secured a large block of land (on a portion of which McDougall Church now stands) and the first Methodist church was built there in 1871.

Eventually a number of lots were sold, the first two for business purposes being bought by Hon. Frank Oliver and John A. McDougall, both of whom arrived

in Edmonton in 1876. The first hotel was opened by Donald Ross and the first newspaper, "The Edmonton Bulletin", was published by Hon. Frank Oliver and the late Alex. Taylor. Gradually the population increased, chiefly because it was believed that the C. P. R. must pass through the settlement. Many Edmonton lots were sold in Winnipeg during the boom of 1882.

When the Rev. D. G. McQueen arrived in Edmonton in 1887, the population numbered about one hundred and fifty, and a stage ran between Calgary and Edmonton only once a week. Dr. McQueen was inspector of schools in the district for several years, and he tells us that the first schoolhouse in Edmonton was built in 1881, Richard Secord being one of the pioneer teachers. The Klondyke gold rush in 1898 helped to swell Edmonton's population, and the future of the city was assured when the Canadian Northern Railway entered the town in 1905. Though the Calgary and Edmonton line had been in operation for some years previously, it was not until the high level bridge was built in 1912 that the long looked for C. P. R. arrived on the north side of the Saskatchewan.

Edmonton was incorporated as a town in 1892, Matthew McCauley being the first mayor. The Klondyke gold rush of 1898 helped to swell the population of the settlement to 2,500, and in 1904 the name of Edmonton first made its appearance on the roll of western cities by legislative act. Edmonton became the capital of the newly formed province of Alberta in 1906.

Thus has the old order given place to the new. From a remote

fur trading post, Edmonton has developed into a modern up-to-date city with a population of 112,000 souls.

What wonderful changes the last few years have witnessed. The old fort is gone and the rude hamlet is no more. The north bank of the Saskatchewan is today crowned with the beautiful parliament buildings while, on the south side of the river, the growing group of stately buildings on the university campus serves as a

reminder that "the merchandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." And here, may I say in closing, we have the secret of Edmonton's greatness. Not in granite magnificence, not in moneyed splendour—but in the utilization of the vast potentialities with which Nature has so bountifully endowed her, and in the unfailing courage and integrity of her citizens shall the City of Edmonton find her soul.

The Cossack Bandits of the Crow's Nest

By

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Hot as an oven blast the July wind swept across the Montana prairies, sending the three cowboy-hatted Cossacks to seek the shade of the chuck-wagon while the herd of black-faced sheep bleated restlessly about.

"I'm telling you it'll be easy," insisted the gorilla-like Russian with the drooping moustache and pock-marked face. "This Emperor Pic carries a wad that would choke an ox when he goes to the Crow's Nest Pass for his weekly load of bootleg hootch. It would be easy to lay him out and grab the money."

Fed up with the monotony of sheep herding, Tom Bassoff, the speaker, and his companion, Ackroff, had been jolted out of their humdrum existence by the visit of the hawk-eyed and dynamic Alex Auloff from the roistering mining town of Butte. Imbued with the swashbuckling urge bequeathed them by a long line of hard-fight-

ing Cossack ancestors, their minds had turned to a more adventurous way of making money.

"I'm with you," Ackroff nodded his shaggy head. "I'm sick of playing nursemaid to these bleating wool factories . . ."

Ackroff brushed back his tawny mane of yellow hair. "I'll slip down to Grand Falls and get the guns and stuff. You beat it across the border to Lethbridge, find out when Pickerello will make his next trip and I'll be there."

* * * *

On the sultry afternoon of August 2nd, 1920, passengers aboard Canadian Pacific Train No. 63 lolled in their seats.

"Sentinel . . . Sentinel Siding!" Brakeman James T. Hickie swung down the aisle in the wake of Conductor Sam Jones. "Senti . . ."

The staccato report of an automatic, the splintering crash of bullets and the harsh command

"Hands up!" froze the word on his lips. In a split second the quiet coach was transformed into a tumult of barking guns, screaming women and cursing men, their frightened eyes fixed on the three armed foreigners who were herding the astonished train crew towards the rear.

While Auloff prodded the train crew down the corridor, and Ackroff covered the cringing passengers with his automatics, Basoff pawed through their clothes, transferring cash, jewelry and trinkets to the capacious pockets of his mackinaw.

"Your money—quick!" Auloff prodded Conductor Jones to the rear platform with his Mauser. Swiftly his hairy paw relieved him of money, watch and valuables. Under the threatening muzzle of the Cossack's gun, Brakeman Hickie yanked a well-filled purse from his hip pocket and handed it across. Baggage man Joe Staple's empty pockets evoked an angry growl of disappointment.

"Make it go . . . the train!" snarled Auloff. Obediently Jones pulled the cord. Vaulting to the ties as the train gathered speed, the bandits sent a splintering barrage into the rear and disappeared into the protecting shadow of the forest.

The plans of the three Cossacks had miscarried. Meeting at Lethbridge they had shadowed Emperor Pic to the bank, seen him withdraw a large sum that morning, and followed him around. But the wily Emperor Pic had smelled a rat and slipped from the rear of the train ten miles from his destination. Determined to secure some spoils they then decided to hold up the train. Their reward was but a paltry four hundred

dollars, and a handful of useless jewelry and trinkets.

As news of the daring hold-up was flashed over the wires from Fernie squads of heavily armed Mounted Police and Provincials under Superintendent Pennyfather and Commissioner Bryan raced to throw a cordon around the scene of the robbery, and block all exits from the Pass. Upon the excited mining towns of Blairmore, Bellevue, Frank and Crow's Nest descended more squads of scarlet-coated Mounties, while detectives and blue-uniformed Railway police searched every train and string of clattering box-cars. Scarlet dodgers, offering a reward, appeared in every store, pool-room and post office. Yet five days slipped by without a sign of the wanted men.

Gazing through the windows of his office on Bellevue's Main Street, Sheriff Joe Robertson observed a couple of foreigners ambling down the sidewalk. Stopping to read the reward notice in the window they laughed, and disappeared into the Bellevue Cafe next door.

"Quick!" Robertson shouted to Constable Frewen over the phone, "two foreigners just went into the Chink's next door. They look like two of those bandits."

Provincial Constable William Bailey had just finished buckling on his side-arms when Corporal Usher of the Mounted Police burst in. Hurriedly Frewen also slipped a .28 Wesson and a .32 automatic into the pocket of his civvies, and the three hit out for the cafe.

"Better watch your step," Justice Robertson warned. "Those birds look like tough hombres to me."

"Cover the back door," Frewen told Bailey as they approached the unpainted cafe. "I'll slip in and give them the once-over. They won't suspect me in civvies."

Through the fly-specked window Usher watched him saunter past the booths and purchase cigarettes. He was pale when he emerged.

"Booth Four!" he whispered hoarsely. "Take the man on the left—I'll handle the other."

Grasping the butt of his .32 Frewen eased cautiously past the empty booths. "*Hands up!*" His gun leapt into the face of the amazed Ackroff. As Usher covered Bassoff with his Colt, Ackroff's hands dropped to the coat beside him.

"*Hands up!*" snapped Frewen.

From the folds of the Russian's coat emerged the wicked snout of a Mauser. A deafening detonation rocked the restaurant. Bounding forward like an ape, Bassoff's hairy hand caught Usher's gun wrist in a vice-like grip. Together they crashed about the booth, the Mountie's blazing Colt splintering floor and walls as the Cassock exerted his herculean strength to turn the gun against him. A bullet ripped through Bassoff's leg, causing him to draw back his lips in a ferocious yell. From the *mélée* of struggling, shouting men; of crashing bodies and splintering glass, emerged Frewen, dazed—his revolver smoking. "Shoot . . . *for God's sake shoot!*" he yelled to Bailey as another blast of gunfire rocked the cafe.

Fighting furiously, Bailey and Usher started to back out when Usher emitted a cry, caught at the door-jamb and pitched across the threshold. Still blazing away Con-

stable Bailey recoiled, swayed, and sprawled over the prostrate Mountie.

Lurching across the fallen officers, a smoking Mauser in his hand, Ackroff supported himself against the wall and staggered blindly down the street.

Bellowing like an infuriated bull, Bassoff loomed in the doorway. Attempting to crawl, Bailey met the Cossack's malign gaze. The bandit's revolver exploded in his face and he crumpled on the sidewalk. Lurching to his elbow, Usher, too, sank beneath a fusillade of bullets. Like a madman, Bassoff turned his smoking gun on the Sheriff, whipping his sombrero from his head.

Still shooting from behind a telephone pole scarred with the Cossack's bullets, Robertson saw Bassoff leap to the side of his wounded partner and end his torment with two well placed bullets. Then, with a defiant shriek he bounded, with the agility of a mountain goat, from rock to rock till lost to sight.

* * * *

Dazed by the sanguinary battle which, in a few awful moments had turned the sleepy cafe into a blazing inferno and blasted the lives from his two jovial officers, Frewen ran from store to store calling for volunteers to run down the fleeing bandit and avenge the killings.

While the posse of grim-faced men canvassed the town for weapons the bodies of the victims were carried into the sheriff's office.

As throbbing telegraph wires spread the story of the desperate gun battle in the mountain town angry miners and settlers stormed

the diminutive Mounted Police barracks, armed with a strange assortment of weapons, all anxious for vengeance.

While posses helped patrol the mountains and tighten the cordon, others combed the valleys and canyons in search of Auloff, third member of the bandit trio. The finding of a solitary dollar on Ackroff's body, and the discovery that Bassoff had tried to cash a cheque at Coleman two days after the hold-up pointed to a quarrel over the division of the spoils, and of Auloff having double-crossed his companions and gotten away with the booty.

The first grey streaks of dawn were breaking over the rock-walled town of Bellevue when J. D. Nicholson of the Alberta Provincial Police arrived to take charge of the chase. Descending from a caboose he found the picturesque frontier town alive with Mounties and Provincials.

All night, as though weeping over the untimely fate of the two slain officers, the skies unleashed their furies upon the posses in a torrential downpour accompanied by a thundering artillery which reverberated among the rugged mountains and split the darkness with flashes of blinding flame. Tired, worn, and soaked to the skin they trooped in to snatch a few hours sleep while others took up the chase.

It was noon when Nicholson received his first break. Clapping the jangling telephone to his ear he emitted an excited "Ah!" From her lonely ranch two miles away came the terror-stricken voice of Mrs. Halloway. "I've seen him," she cried, "the big Russian! He stopped here and made me feed

him. Threatened me with the biggest revolver I ever saw, and said he'd come back and kill me if I talked."

Quickly Nick rounded up a squad of armed men. Squelching, knee-deep, through palpitating muskeg they reached the log-walled ranch to find the old lady still pale and trembling. "He must be in the bush somewhere," she cried. "He's wounded, and has to hobble on a stick."

Hardly had Nick swung a tightening cordon around the ranch than from Crow's Nest, sixteen miles to the westward, came word that the third bandit, Auloff, had been seen. John Gregory had been making a short cut through the bush when he found himself looking into the muzzle of a rifle. Squatted, cross-legged, at the foot of a pine tree a granite-faced man with ice-blue eyes shadowed by a black sombrero, surveyed him over the sights with a gruff demand for matches.

"When I stepped over to give them to him," Gregory reported, "he told me to throw 'em on the ground and to walk straight ahead and not look back unless I wanted a bullet in my spine."

"How was he dressed?" Nick demanded.

"In a black sombrero and a black mackinaw coat with white belt."

"That's Auloff, I'll bet," Nick snapped, giving swift orders to surround the spot.

Two hours later Old Baptiste, a trapper, dashed in, demanding to speak to "the head boss of the Police".

"I'm foller dat trail what Gregory took. I'm hear a sound like someone tap his pipe against a

tree. Den," admitted the trapper, "I'm trabble lak hell . . . I'm look neither one way nor t'other. I'm sure it was that *diable* bandit!"

Then from Gateway, near the International boundary, came word that Brakeman Lewis had been held up at the point of a revolver as he attempted to eject a burly transient from a box-car.

Snatching up the telephone, Nick got Corporal Wilson at Fernie on the line. "Take all the men you've got," he ordered, and hig-tail it to Gateway with Brake-man Hall. Make it snappy or that bird'll get over the line."

Trudging in from the woods three hours later he snatched up a telegram from Wilson:

Found suspect skulking in bush unarmed stop Searched box-car and found loaded automatic tied in gunnysack stop Man refuses to talk but resembles bandit Auloff stop Bringing him to Bellevue for identification.

Swift rejoicing swept the Pass as word leaked out that Auloff had been captured. But Nick's elation evaporated when two uniformed Provincials dragged their frowsy prisoner before him. Though a Russian with a mop of dirty yellow hair, he lacked the bold, predatory features of Auloff.

As a weeping dawn broke over the rain-misted peaks the stillness of the valley was rent by a single shot which seemed to come from the vicinity of the Halloway ranch. Yet not a single man reported firing his gun. Then the rumour spread that Bassoff had committed suicide. Famished, despairing of escaping, and in agony from his wound he had ended his troubles with a bullet through his brain.

That Auloff was still very much alive was evidenced by reports that came rolling in. The elusive Cossack seemed to have multiplied himself a score of times, and acquired the faculty for being at three or four widely separated points at one and the same time. From a dozen places fugitive Russians were reported.

A search of the spot where Gregory had been held up revealed well-defined tracks, evidently made since the last rain. Old Baptiste scrutinized them closely. "Looks lak 'nother man he's foller heem," Baptiste turned to Detective Egan. "Mebbe dat Bassoff he's got troo you guys after all." The crushed grass looked as though the one man had been dragging the other.

Spreading his men, Egan proceeded to comb the spruce-dotted sidehills. Beneath a culvert a piece of cloth fluttered lazily in the breeze. Brushing through the thickets he emitted a stifled exclamation. Half-buried amongst the wet willows lay the mack-inaw-clad body of a burly men with a bullet hole between his shoulders, his face so mutilated as to be unrecognizable.

"Auloff!" Egan glanced significantly at the officer beside him. "Slipped it over on his Cossack pals, but they sure seem to have evened up the score."

* * * *

It was the fifth night of the search yet, despite the efforts of three hundred possemen and the police of three forces, Bassoff still remained at large. It was hinted that the report of his suicide had been deliberately circulated by local foreigners to mislead searchers while Bassoff was spirited

away by friends to a place of safety where he could be hidden till his wounds healed.

To the handful of police officers Nick had posted at the little siding of Lundbreck came the distant scream of the westbound train. Looking to their side-arms Constables Sawyer of Calgary, Hallworth of Medicine Hat and Glover of Edmonton prepared to search the on-coming freight cars. Around the rock-cut flashed the white beam of the locomotive's headlight. Nervously Sawyer caught at Tower's arm. Engineer Hammond seemed to be taking delight in sending the mournful wail of the whistle echoing and reverberating in weird cadence above the rhythm of tumbling cascades. The usual signal was followed by the weirdest symphony of sound that ever arose from a lumbering locomotive.

With hissing pistons and clanking wheels the locomotive roared to the platform. In the orange glow of the Agent's lantern the engineer's oil-smeared face seemed pale. "I've seen him!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Who?" rasped Glover.

"The murderer!" came Hammond's swift reply. "If it ain't the bandit I'm a Dutchman. Couldn't beat it fast enough when the headlight picked him out at Pincher . . ."

Dashing to the office telephone he called Nicholson. A quick-fire conversation followed. "Says to uncouple the engine and hit back to Pincher with you fellows."

Leaping into the cab, Hammond uncoupled, reversed the engine and roared back. In a moment police piled aboard the tender and the engine was sweeping through the night.

With clanking wheels and hissing pistons the mountain mogul lurched around hairpin turns that dropped sheer to the black void below, urged to swifter pace as the coal-blackened fireman heaved shovel after shovel of fuel into the scarlet maw of the furnace. At last the green lights of Pincher yard limits shot past.

"Look! there he is."

Strangely magnified in the white beam, an ape-like figure had risen from the ties and, with shambling gait, was making for the storage shed beside the track. As the engine screeched to a halt Hammond grabbed a Winchester and leapt to the track, followed by the dark forms of the police.

"He's there . . . in the door!" came Hallworth's strained voice.

Slinking forward from bush to bush the police saw a huge figure crouching in the doorway. Caught in a torchlight beam he blinked a lone eye from a fringe of matted hair and slunk inside.

"Hell," shouted someone, "that's not the bird we're after."

With drawn guns they rushed the door. "Hands up!" commanded Tower.

From within came animal-like sounds.

"Rush him!" shouted Glover.

Charging through the opened door their torches flashed on a huge huddled figure in fur cap and mackinaw crouching with one arm behind him in a corner.

"Look out," warned Tower, "he's reaching for his gun!"

But the large, ape-like figure only glowered stupidly at them from his single, blood-shot eye.

"My God!" laughed Glover nervously, "he's got his hand in a biscuit box."

As handcuffs snapped about his wrists, and Glover snatched a wicked Mauser from his shoulder holster, the captive uttered a bel-low of fury. Swiftly police relieved him of a roll containing eighty dollars, a glass eye and some dirty papers. "Here's a passport and exemption papers," exclaimed Tower, "and they bear the name of Tom Bassoff!"

Disarmed, dirty and famished; suffering intense pain from his swollen leg infected from a gun wound in the Bellevue battle, the Cossack shuffled between his guards to the waiting room at Pincher station where he sank into a seat, his bloodshot eye unable to meet the hostile gaze of those about him.

"I saw that man roaming the streets this evening," exclaimed Alex Alexander, the storekeeper. "He bought some biscuits in my shop and beat it as the train came in."

Relief over the bloodless capture gave way to amazement at Bassoff's hardihood in struggling forty miles through mountainous terrain, handicapped with one leg so badly smashed as to necessitate his limping every foot of the way with an improvised crutch. Not only had he worked his way through the police cordon but, had it not been for Hammond's vigilance, he would have reached sympathetic countrymen at Macleod, less than thirty miles away, and probably have escaped.

Lodged behind the bars at Lethbridge Jail, the one-eyed bandit repulsed all efforts to get his story, but admitted with a grim chuckle that police had frequently been so close to his hiding place they could have stepped right on

him. To wardens he admitted meeting an old man and giving him five dollars for his mackinaw coat and fur cap, and of taking out his glass eye and putting it in his pocket as a further disguise. Ravenous with hunger he'd entered Alexander's store. Knowing his wounded leg would be a give-away he'd tucked his crutch under his arm and managed to walk without it, suffering excruciating agony.

Three days before Christmas Tom Bassoff, unregenerate and defiant, mounted the scaffold in the snow-swept courtyard and, with a snarl on his lips, went to meet his Maker.

* * * *

With Bassoff's execution Police congratulated themselves that the case of the three Mad Cossacks was ended. Ackroff had died riddled with bullets in the Bellevue affair; Auloff had been found killed by his fellow bandit in the culvert, and Bassoff had paid the price the law demanded. But J. D. Nicholson remained unconvinced. Certain that Auloff was still at large he exchanged his uniform for civvies, and following the trail of a letter addressed to the dead Bassoff from Kersey, Oregon, headed in that direction.

Combing the road camps near Kersey he ran his eye over the payroll and started at the name "Nick Bassoff" leapt from the page. "Where will I find this bird?" he asked the time-keeper.

"Quit two days ago," came the disappointing reply. "Left with another Russian for Seattle."

Still convinced that Auloff had made his getaway, and that the body Egan had found in the Crow's Nest was that of some vic-

tim of Emperor Pic's bootleg gang, Nick headed for Seattle, and enlisted the aid of city detectives only to find himself thwarted. Contacting police at Portland, Seattle and other Pacific coast cities he left the make and number of the .23 jewelled Elgin watch stolen from Conductor Jones during the hold-up of Train 63.

Three years later Nick received a wire from the Chief of Police at Portland, informing him that the watch stolen from Jones had turned up in a local pawnshop.

"Get down to Portland right away," Nick ordered Detective Schoeppe. "And *don't come back without Auloff.*"

With a shrug the detective departed; found that the watch had been pawned in Portland by Ali Hassan, and finally confronted the Mahommedan. "Where did you get this?" he demanded coldly.

"Down in Butte," Ali's teeth chattered. "I bought it from a miner."

With Ali beside him, Schoeppe headed for Butte, and when the miners assembled at the commissary they scrutinized their faces. "That's him," Hassan jerked the detective's arm. "Right over there!"

A heavy-shouldered foreigner was buying tobacco from the clerk. Disgustingly the detective noted that he bore no resemblance to the wanted Auloff.

"Who's that?" he asked the clerk.

"Harry Tomab," came the reply.

"Tell him there's a registered letter for him at the office," the detective ordered. "I'll wait for him over there."

When Harry Tomab came seeking his letter he swore that he'd never seen the Crow's Nest Pass, or Alberta, in his life. He had just come down from Valdez, Alaska, and had bought the watch from another miner for five dollars.

Back at Lethbridge Nick's hopes were shattered when he received Schoeppe's telegram. But they mounted when Schoeppe brought in his prisoner. For the moment Brakeman Hickie clapped eyes on him he emitted a roar of anger and jabbed an accusing finger in "Harry Tomab's" face. "That's him," he swore, "that's the blighter who stuck his Mauser in my face and stole my pocketbook. I'd know him anywhere."

Conductor Sam Jones completed the identification.

"Tomab," realizing the jig was up, admitted with a hard-faced grin, that Nick was right, that he was Ausby Auloff.

Charged with train robbery, he was sentenced to seven years hard labour, a sentence he was never destined to finish, as he died a few years later in Prince Albert Penitentiary.

Thanks to J. D's persistence, the last of the Three Mad Cossacks had been accounted for.

Details of the above story were given the writer by the late J. D. Nicholson, who passed away on May 11, 1945, after moving from Edmonton to Victoria. Born at Provincetown, Mass., 83 years ago, "J.D." joined the old North West Mounted Police in '85 and saw stirring times in the force. He formed part of the escort when Earl Grey visited Hudson Bay in 1910 and went on pension the following year, when he was called upon to help organize the Alberta Provincial Police from which he retired in 1916 with the rank of Asst. Superintendent. At the outbreak of the present war he served again with his old love, the Mounties. He was also head of the Alberta Prospector's Association and a pioneer prospector of the North West Territories. He has been an intimate friend of the writer's since 1909.

The Trouble at Blackfoot Crossing

By
George Shepherd

Francis Jeffrey Dickens, third son and fifth child of the great novelist, Sir Charles Dickens, once served with distinction in the old North West Mounted Police in Alberta's early days. It seems a far cry from David Copperfield to Chief Crowfoot, Sitting Bull and Louis Riel, but the connection is there just the same. The residents of our foothill province can take great pride in knowing that a son of a world renowned writer such as Sir Charles Dickens pioneered in Alberta before the Province was organized as such.

Born on January 15th, 1844, young Dickens, at an early age, began a military career in the British Army. He was invalided home from India with the rank of Captain after nine years' service, and ordered to try a change of climate. In consequence he was gazetted to the North West Mounted Police in 1875, with the rank of Inspector.

In 1882, "Dickie", as he was familiarly known to his associates, was in charge of the detachment at Blackfoot Crossing. The site of the Post, then in the heart of the Blackfoot country, is now a few miles south of the present-day town of Cluny near the Blackfoot Reserve.

Bull Elk, a minor chief, had fired on a white man with the intention of killing him and then retired to the protection of the camp. Inspector Dickens, with Sergeant Howe and Constable Ashe, proceeded to the encampment to arrest him and hold him for trial.

While the Police were discharging this duty excitement reached fever pitch amongst the tawny warriors and, for the first time since the arrival of the Police in the West, they threatened armed resistance. In the ensuing struggle Dickens was unhorsed and thrown to the ground, and matters began to take on a grave appearance. In spite of all the uproar, to the staccato reports of Blackfoot guns, the prisoner was seized and rushed through milling redskins to the Post.

Soon a horde of frenzied Indians milled around the place, completely hemming in Dickens and his small garrison of twelve men. The Blackfeet howled for the release of Bull Elk, a demand which was bluntly refused. At this the Indians shouted their defiance of the law, and declared their intention of wiping out every one of the Long Knives.

The little drama was developing into one of those tense situations so often recorded in our Empire history. It was a hard decision for the Inspector to make. The release of the prisoner was against all military tradition, but against that choice was the possible loss of the lives of all the Police under his charge, followed by a probable serious uprising among the Indians.

Pondering these factors in his own mind, and taking the full responsibility on his own shoulders, Dickens at length agreed to release Bull Elk to Chief Crowfoot on the latter's promise that Bull Elk would be delivered up to the

Police when called on to stand trial.

The Indians later confessed that they tried by every means in their power to incite the Police into firing first, which would have justified them, in their own eyes, in annihilating the entire command. This would have been an easy matter since there were but a dozen Police to oppose nearly a thousand infuriated warriors.

As soon as quiet was restored Dickens sent scouts to Fort Macleod, explaining the situation to Superintendent Crozier, and asking for reinforcements. Crozier, a brave and fearless officer, without waiting for additional help, headed immediately for the Blackfoot Post with the only twenty men available. Realizing the need for instant action they pushed on without stopping until they reached Inspector Dickens' threatened detachment.

Immediately the combined forces set about the task of fortifying the Post. Sacks of oats, oatmeal and flour were piled at strategic points to form a barricade, while an old corral, which might give cover to lurking warriors, was torn down.

The sudden arrival of Crozier and his men, coupled with these

ominous preparations, aroused considerable misgiving among the Blackfeet, who watched the proceedings with some consternation. Crowfoot, himself, approached and asked if the Police intended to fight. "Certainly not—unless you commence first!" Crozier curtly replied.

The next day a strong detail of Police in scarlet and gold uniforms rode into the Blackfoot camp, determined to do or die. To the great relief of all, Bull Elk submitted to arrest without any further signs of resistance. Taken to Fort Macleod he was tried by Judge Macleod and given a stern warning and a term in the guard room.

Such an occurrence as this emphasized the need of strong forces of men at strategic points, ready for any emergency. It also brought home the fact, so often noted before, that the tact and forbearance displayed by these pioneer Mounties in handling these wayward children of the Plains not only won for the Force the confidence of the Indians and the undying gratitude of the whites, but often, in innumerable instances, avoided bloodshed.

PAID IN FULL

A famous preacher once had use of the services of a young doctor who was not an ardent church goer, but the doctor failed to send a bill.

"Look here, doctor," demanded the preacher, "I've got to know how much I owe you."

After thinking it over the doctor said: "I'll tell you what. I hear you're a pretty good preacher and you seem to figure I'm a pretty good doctor. I'll make a bargain. I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven if you'll do all you can to keep me out of hell, and it won't cost either of us a cent"

Old Trading Forts in Southern Alberta

Sometimes called "Whiskey Forts"

By

Ernest Brown

At the time of the coming of the Mounted Police in 1874, the International Boundary south of Macleod was not very well known.

The buffalo country from the Red River to what is Calgary was a No Man's Land, that is, white men would rarely risk their lives in coming through a country infested with so many bands of hostile Indians. It was the hunting ground of many different tribes of both Canadian and American Indians. Neither knew or recognized an International Boundary.

At this time all passengers, freight and mail for Macleod and the West had to come via the United States. Fort Benton on the Missouri River, 200 miles away, was the starting point for the bull trains that came into Fort Macleod with the goods for trading posts strategically located on Old Man River, Belly River, St. Mary's River and Highwood.

Some of these posts did a fairly straight legal business, but most of them were Whiskey Forts established for the one purpose of trading a poor quality of whiskey for buffalo robes. The order had gone forth in the U.S.A., that the buffalo must be exterminated, because the Indians would not settle on the reserves so long as it were possible to hunt buffalo, on which they could live, as they had hitherto lived.

These forts were generally very substantially built, much more so than the usual fur trading posts.

The treatment accorded the Indians by the American traders was very different to that accorded them at the Hudson's Bay posts.

The fur traders of the North were interested in keeping the Indians alive and healthy so that they might hunt and bring in ample quantities of furs. In years of poor fur catches the fur traders would grub-stake the Indians and tide them over. The fur trader's word was his bond; and the Indians knew he did not speak with a "forked tongue." Consequently it was not necessary to fortify these Northern posts against Indian attack as was the case with the forts in the south.

As already stated, these "Whiskey Forts" were very strongly built, the outside walls being of stockaded logs standing side by side in a trench in the ground which was filled in, often rearing sixteen feet above the plain. Even the chimneys had iron bars placed across the top to prevent the Indians entering by that means. At each of the four corners of the stockade there were bastions or lookouts, where sentries watched for any possible attack after the red men had been debauched with white man's firewater. And connecting these lookouts was a firing platform all around the enclosure. Only one entrance gave admission, and this was at all times kept strongly barred except when bull teams arrived with goods, or took out shipments of buffalo robes. Beside the entrance gate

was a small opening in the logs through which the Indian passed a tightly rolled buffalo robe and received in return a tin cup of watered whiskey. Colonel Steel reported: "A quart of the stuff bought a fine pony."

When the traders had accumulated a sufficient quantity of robes they shipped them by bull teams to Fort Benton, where the American Government paid the traders three dollars per robe, and sold them privately at eight dollars each. The Mounted Police purchased 105 robes at four dollars and twenty-five cents apiece. Some profit on a few cents worth of watered whiskey!

Conditions obtaining at these "Whiskey Forts" can be gathered from the following letter written by a trader to his friend at Fort Benton:

"Dear Friend:

Bill Geaery got to putting on airs and I shot him, and he is dead. My potatoes are looking fine.

Yours truly,
Skookum Jim."

Probably the largest and most important post was Whoop-up. It was built in 1868 and did a lucrative business until the arrival of the police in 1874, when the post was burned.

"Fort Hamilton" was built by a man described as a "notorious character", one John Healy. The fort was named after the firm of Hamilton, Healy and Company of Fort Benton, Montana, U.S.A., who, it is said, supplied the trading outfits. Colonel Robertson Ross reports: "Here they have about twenty armed men, and have carried on for some time an illegal trade with the Blackfeet

Indians, supplying them with rifles, revolvers, goods of various kinds, whiskey and other ardent spirits, in direct opposition to the laws of both the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and without paying any customs duties for the goods introduced into the latter country."

"At Fort Edmonton whiskey was sold to Indians by these traders right at the gate of the fort, and when asked if they did not know it was illegal they answered 'Yes!'; but there was no force to prevent them, and they would do as they pleased."

Fort Hamilton is not often spoken of by the writers; Whoop-up seems to have become the name of a place or district, and as Fort Hamilton was built some three hundred yards away Hamilton was referred to generally as Whoop-up.

Fort Whoop-up was built in 1868 by a carpenter named Bill Gladstone for Hamilton and Healy of Fort Benton, who, in turn, were backed by Powers and Company, and others. In the form of a square three hundred yards either way it took two years to construct. After Hamilton and Healy made a small fortune in the whiskey trade the fort was turned over to Akers.

Whoop-up was thirty miles from Fort Macleod, while Fort Walsh was a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward. Belly River was the old name of the river, it being later changed to Old Man River.

There were a few legitimate American traders in the country who traded guns, ammunition and goods for buffalo robes. The whiskey traders objected, and or-

ganized the so-called "Spitzee Cavalry", named after the river of that name, now known as High River, Alberta. Spitzee, of course, means tall timber, and the river was often called the Highwood. These people ran some of the legitimate traders out of the country and helped protect the outlaws.

In 1872 a party, most of whom had participated in the Civil War, came from Fort Benton to the Cypress Hills forty miles north of the border, near where Fort Walsh was later built. These men traded large quantities of whiskey to a band of Assinaboine Indians encamped along the creek on a flat piece of prairie now known as "The Massacre Ground".

When night came these fiends in human shape decided to clean out the Indian camp, and posted themselves on a cutbank on the south side of the creek. Here they could stand on the gravel breast-high, rest their Winchesters on top, and fire from good cover. The Indians were in the midst of their orgy, every lodge lighted up so that a good view of each could be had. Fire was then opened with the result that over thirty of the Indians were killed, many were wounded, and the rest, not knowing where their assailants were, fled to the hills for refuge.

This massacre was seen by Abe Farwell, a respectable American trader who had a post nearby, and who was married to Big Mary, a Crow woman. After the Indians

had fled the ruffians made prisoner a young squaw who'd crossed the creek to take refuge at the Farwell's, and were in the act of carrying her off when Big Mary appeared wrathfully upon the scene, covering them with a revolver. Backed up by Abe she dragged the girl from them and took her to their post. The report of this massacre eventually led to the organization of the North West Mounted Police.

Colonel Steele wrote: "That only the traveller who courted death went west of where Pile of Bones — Regina — now stands." Even the whiskey traders could not have established themselves in the Blackfoot country had they not been led by bold outlaws who knew war and palisaded themselves strongly.

The Indians burned the Hudson's Bay post on the Bow River called "Old Bow Fort", also Chesterfield House, built at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars below the confluence of the south Saskatchewan and Red Deer rivers.

The murders, massacres and outrages by the Indians on each other, and on the whites, would take many pages to tell, but the cause of it all can be said in that single word, "Whiskey".

The arrival of the *Shimarganishuk*, the Mounted Police, in the West in a short time established law and order, and the outlaw "whiskey forts" became a thing of the past.

ABOUT MEN

A man thinks that whatever vexation a woman is suffering from, his kisses can put it right.

Women are never disarmed by compliments, men always are.

The man who has no secrets from his wife either has no secrets or no wife.



WINNERS: COMPETITION, JUNE 1945

Alberta Writers' Conference and Provincial Chapter,
Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

POETRY (Girls):

First Prize: *Next Year*, by Joan Jackson, Calgary.

Second Prize: *The Northern Nurse*, Clrene Ludescher,
Whitelaw.

Third Prize: *The Garden of the North*, by Jeanie Atkins,
Peace River.

POETRY (Boys):

First Prize: *The Pine Tree*, by Donald Jackson, Lethbridge.

Second Prize: *When It's Springtime in Peace River*, by
Morten Kobasa, Whitelaw.

Third Prize: *What Price Victory*, by Roy Kenchtel, Grande
Prairie.

SHORT STORY:

First Prize: *Randy's Choice*, by Winnifred Thorogood, Ed-
monton.

Second Prize: *The Tale of An Old Pioneer*, by T. C. Gordon,
Edmonton.

Third Prize: *The Ghost Trail*, by Shirley Davidson, White-
law.

ESSAY:

First Prize: *Alberta—I am Proud of You*, by Laurence
Moon, Grande Prairie.

Second Prize: *Calling Lake*, by June Davidson, Whitelaw.

Third Prize: *Alberta—Land to Love*, by Louise W. March-
mont, Edmonton.

SCHOOL PAPER:

En Avant, Alexander High School, Medicine Hat.

1 AND 2 ROOM RURAL SCHOOL PUBLICATION:

Kiew Memories, 1944-45. Kiew School, S.D. 1693, Vegre-
ville.

YEAR BOOK:

Who's Who, 1945. Whitelaw School, Whitelaw.

JUDGES:

Poetry: Dr. Mary Winspear.

Short Story: Prof. F. M. Salter.

Essay: Mr. Robert F. Gard.

Class A: University Library Staff.

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"From Fair West
to Capital"

ALBERTA
FOLKLORE
QUARTERLY



ALBERTA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

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THE COVER

"Off to the Southern Alberta Old Timers' Roundup"

Courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company

As We Were Saying

As the third issue of the *Quarterly* goes to press we have to announce with sincere regret the departure of Mr. Gard to accept an appointment at Madison, Wisconsin. Not only will Bob and his lovable, hard-working little wife, Maryo, be missed around the campus, but their departure will also be keenly felt at innumerable Alberta spots from Brooks to Peace River, where they sought so diligently to preserve the folklore of this Province. As time passes Albertans will realize the deep debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. and Mrs. Gard for the treasure-trove of material assembled by them in the vaults of the University for the use of future writers and historians.

At the suggestion of Mr. Gard, and with the approval of Dr. Newton and the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors, Mr. Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S., has taken over the position of Director of the Folklore and Local History Project, and henceforth will carry on the work of Mr. Gard as editor of the *Quarterly*. Sailing from London through Hudson Straits on the oaken-prowed *Pelican* in 1906, a raw recruit to the ranks of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Godsell landed at the palisaded fort of York Factory, established by the ubiquitous Radisson in the days of the Merry Monarch. To the swish of the Northern Lights, the crackle of campfires and the crunch of snowshoes, his trails have carried him by dog-sled, canoe and Indian-manned York boat 100,000 miles through the heart of our vast Northland. His moccasined feet have followed

dim trails from Labrador to the heart of Alaska, and from the bark wigwams of Hiawatha's dusky Ojibways to the blubber-lit igloos of the so-called "Blonde" Eskimos of the Central Arctic.

Godsell, in the old days, smuggled beaver under the noses of Provincial Police, who made frequent but unsuccessful raids upon his posts; helped Factor Beaton of Fort St. John to save a survey party from massacre at the hands of The Wolf and his Beaver Indian braves, and reared Fort Brabant among the Cogmollock Eskimos, where Corporal Doak of the Mounted Police and Otto Binder had fallen before their bullets and copper snow-knives only the year before. From the rock-walled Coppermine he sent a two-man expedition to the Magnetic Pole in 1923, which discovered 400 hitherto unknown Eskimos, and reared a trading post on King William's Land, graveyard of the Franklin Expedition, in the heart of the Northwest Passage. Today the pioneer road he blazed from Fort St. John to Fort Nelson through the hunting grounds of Chief Bellyfull's hostile Sickanies has been converted by Uncle Sam's doughboys into the first link of the Alaska Defence Highway, over which American tanks, troops, airplanes and munitions have been whirled north to carry the war to Hirohito.

During the Royal visit to Winnipeg Mr. Godsell, an adopted Chief of the Cree tribe, brought in befeathered headmen of the Cree, Sioux and Ojibway tribes to meet Their Majesties, copies of two of his earlier works,

Arctic Trades and Red Hunters of the Snows, being later accepted by His Majesty, King George VI as outstanding works on our nearing Northland. Mr. Godsell's latest work, *The Romance of the Alaska Highway* (Ryerson Press, Toronto), was published last December, the first edition of 2,500 copies selling out within ten days. A new edition is now on the market. His other books are *The Vanishing Frontier* and *They Got Their Man*.

All have enjoyed a wide sale throughout the British Empire, Canada and the United States, and have been translated into numerous foreign languages. So, with this short introductory note, Philip Godsell takes over.

* * * *

"Andy's" name is a tradition throughout the Peace River country. Anyone who ever ran across big, genial, hard-featured Sergeant Anderson of the old North West Mounted Police with his pitted face and ice-blue eyes will never forget that burly Iclander. When all attempts to stem the flow of illicit firewater into Indian territory had failed, the O.C. of "N" Division sent the Sergeant to Lesser Slave Lake and, in six months, the bootleg gang who had made the place accursed for nearly a decade were either behind the bars or had fled to safer climes. For the irrepressible Andy would rush in where angels feared to tread and, with a stubbornness of purpose his enemies mistook for stupidity, appeared to blunder ahead—yet always got his man!

Literally and figuratively, Andy was a law unto himself. Northerners maintained he wouldn't hesitate, if the occasion arose, to

arrest his own mother, and in saying Andy was the toughest policeman they had ever known they were expressing the sentiment of every fur trader, riverman and roughneck from Athabasca Landing to the Rockies.

I first came into contact with Andy the day he had fished a body out of Lesser Slave Lake, after it had been under water all winter. Entering the Hudson's Bay post he casually flopped a large roll of soggy bills on the counter. "Would you youst count this money for me, Miles?" he asked Factor McDermott. "I vant a witness to testify to the amount."

Miles dropped the money with a convulsive gasp. "Good God!" he turned ghastly. "Where did you get that stuff? Quick, Hodgson," he turned to the pale-faced clerk, "open the door!"

"I youst got it off the body!" grinned Andy.

"Body!" Miles glowered across the counter. "What body?"

"The body of that young Englishman who got drowned in Buffalo Bay last fall."

"Weel," roared Miles, "get oot o' here as quick's you can — the stench's awful!"

"Youst a minute, Miles, youst a minute," persisted the imperturbable Andy, "you youst watch . . . I'll count the bills."

Beaming broadly, the Sergeant commenced pawing the bills with his huge hands, moistening his finger with his thumb from time to time with an utter disregard for germs and hygiene, to the unveiled horror of the Factor and his clerk.

But the best story of this hard-boiled Mountie, a yarn still told

around the campfires of the Silent Places, is of the time he dogged a criminal for months only to find him buried in the heart of the Rockies. But Andy had a reputation to maintain. He'd always got his man. To prove to Headquarters he had caught up with his quarry he cut off his head, threw it in a gunnysack and tied it to the saddle.

When he boarded the train at the end-of-steel there was something about the sinister bundle that aroused the curiosity of an inquisitive nigger porter. Warning him not to touch it, Andy tossed it under his berth and hit the hay. But the porter's curiosity was too much for him. As the Sergeant snored blissfully he hooked the gunnysack from beneath and lifted it. A grisly head rolled down the corridor, evoking screams that echoed throughout the train.

And old-timers insist *that* porter is running yet!

* * * *

Have you heard of Mike, the Eskimo dentist? Commissioned by the Hudson's Bay Company to tour the North to care for the dental health of its employees, Dr. Millar finally set up his portable foot-drill at Herschel Island and went to work. Day after day a skin-clad Eskimo haunted his office. At last Mike became vocal. "Mebbe me help some?" he suggested with an engaging smile.

Good-naturedly the dentist set him to work, only to discover that Mike was a proficient ivory carver. In a few days Mike, with dental apron pulled over his skin clothing, had installed himself as dental mechanic, doing the most intricate work successfully.

At last the *Lady Kindersley* arrived back from Coronation Gulf on her way back to Vancouver, and Dr. Miller commenced to pack. Mike watched with gloomy eyes. How much you take 'um outfit?" he suddenly demanded.

"Five hundred dollars," laughed the dentist, not taking the suggestion seriously. Mike was off like a shot. Returning a few minutes later he planked down a Hudson's Bay draft on his savings for the amount. Proudly he took possession of his beloved drill, insisting that he also be given enough of "that yellow stuff", meaning gold, for fillings.

To the intense amusement of Herschel Island, Mike departed next day to act as interpreter for the Company at the isolated post of Kent Peninsula, amongst the Stone Age "Blonde" Eskimos, proudly toting along his dentistry outfit.

A year later he returned with five thousand dollars worth of white foxes. "Where did you get all this fur?" I asked.

"Fix-'um teeth!" Mike grinned.

Then he explained. Reaching the land of the primitive Cogmollock Eskimos he had set up his hyperborean dental parlour. The natives weren't dental minded, but Mike rose to the occasion nobly. Taking aside the chief *angatkuk*, or medicine man, he explained that he'd been to the land of the *Kablunats*. There, in civilization, anyone who was worth his salt, and considered himself a "big shot", had his eye teeth covered with gold as a mark of distinction. The medicine man's eyes widened. This was big stuff—something new. How much would it cost? "Just two white foxes a tooth," explained Mike.

In those days a white fox sold in Coronation Gulf for two boxes of 30.30 cartridges, but in civilization, Mike knew, the same skins were worth fifty dollars apiece.

Mike promptly went to work on his first patient, and turned him loose, grinning widely to display his gleaming golden molars to envious tribesmen.

The following morning Mike found a line-up of Stone Age Eskimos outside his door, all waiting with white foxes in their hands, to have perfectly good eye teeth covered with shining gold. Until the gold ran out Mike did a land office business. When nothing was left but the drill and a handful of dental charts his fertile brain evolved another idea. Explaining that these charts were charms against all the ills of mankind—that all one had to do was to sew them up in buckskin and tie them against any afflicted spot—he disposed of them like hotcakes to expectant mothers, rheumatic patients and all the afflicted at the modest sum of one white fox apiece. Today you will still occasionally run across an Eskimo with one of these charts bearing Mike's name and receipted with the letters, "PADE".

* * * *

On my way to Hershel Island that summer I found the waterfront at Aklavic lined with some sixty odd motor schooners belonging to the more civilized Nunatagmuit Eskimos. From gramophones in the holds emanated the strains of such, then, popular ballads as *Red Hot Mama*, *Dardanella*, and *How Are You Going to Keep 'Em Down On the Farm*.

But what arrested my attention was an old Eskimo squatted on an

up-turned soap-box pounding slowly and deliberately on the keys of a portable typewriter, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses perched gravely on his nose.

"What's the big idea?" I asked Charlie Christie, the Factor.

"Just watch," he chuckled softly.

The Eskimo finally withdrew his letter, substituted an envelope, as he had evidently seen the traders do, and tapped away again. Calling to a skin-clad youngster he handed him the letter. Skipping down the gangplank the lad disappeared into a fringe of willows. A few seconds later we heard the slow, deliberate click, click, click of another typewriter in an Eskimo tent.

"That Eskimo on the schooner," Mr. Christie, explained, "is Illivernik, one of our best and wealthiest trappers. He has quite a big savings account in a Vancouver bank. He also trades with the other Eskimos during the winter. Last January, whilst staying in his igloo, I made some notes with the portable typewriter I always carry. Illivernik insisted that I get him one just like it.

But the moment Pokiak, his opposition in that tent over yonder, heard of it he promptly ordered one as well. The typewriters just came in on the steamer."

"But," demanded an amazed tourist, "do these Eskimos understand English well enough to write?"

Charlie doubled up at the idea. "They're just writing a jumble of figures, punctuation marks and letters that don't mean a thing. But it gives them a lot of prestige with the other Huskies, who don't know the difference. They think

they're all same "big white trader."

* * * *

There is a vast store of unwritten lore and legend in the old fur trails of Alberta. Emerson Hough, author of *The Covered Wagon*, could hardly have seen, or written of, anything more humbly modest and splendidly inspiring than the soul-searing trails of those early settlers I used to meet bucking the Edson Trail to Grande Prairie and Pouce Coupe. Of those who tackled that earthly purgatory many laid down their lives in the first Great War, while the grave has claimed many others who trekked from Edmonton beyond the Big Smoky. But there are still living vigorous old-timers who recall that long, up-hill fight with gripping gumbo, bottomless sink-holes and the perils of the trail.

The first white man to cross the Churchill Divide and explore the Athabasca and the lower Peace was that picturesque freebooter, Peter Pond of Milford, Connecticut, who not only broke the first sod and raised a kitchen garden near the junction of the Athabasca and Athabasca Lake, but established the nucleus of Fort Chipewyan, future cradle of exploration for this, then, untamed wilderness, and became the first geographer of the Northwest.

Then there is Smith Portage, the eighteen mile bottleneck in the two thousand miles of navigable rivers stretching northward from Fort McMurray to the rim of the Polar Sea. When I first hit this trail in '21 a string of rickety carts hauled by shagannapie cayuses, and driven by buckskin-coated red men, made heavy weather of

hauling freight consigned to Mackenzie River fur forts along the muskeg trail that skirted Pelican Rapids and the Rapids of the Drowned. In those days the total quantity of freight required for the entire white and Indian population twixt Fort Smith and the Arctic Sea amounted to only four hundred and twenty tons for the three trading companies; and old Angus Brabant, the uncrowned Hudson's Bay emperor of this vast commercial kingdom, employed his own peculiar methods in handling these Indian freighters.

Usually he took care to own at least one essential part of each Indian or half-breed freighter's equipment. He would own the wheel of one Indian's wagon, one horse belonging to another half-breed's team, the whiffletrees of another, and the harness of still another. If any misguided redskin undertook to go on strike, or haul freight for the hated free traders, old Angus was over like a shot, whipped away his wheel, or his horse or his harness — and usually won the day. Old-timers maintain that when ox-teams hauled the freight across this portage the presence of beef on the Company's mess table at Fort Fitzgerald or Fort Smith indicated without fail the demise from old age or overwork of some ancient and decrepit ox. As horses supplanted oxen, tough beef for many months thereafter became the *piece de resistance* at the mess tables, the meals being known by the names of the defunct animals supposed to have supplied the leathery meat!

It wasn't till the Lamson and Hubbard Company installed heavy-duty gasboats, and built the two hundred and twenty ton

sternwheeler, *Distributor*, at Fort Smith in 1920-21 that Northern transportation gradually emerged from almost Stone Age conditions. The following year I dispensed with angry Indians and their hay-wire outfits and arranged for Pat and Mickey Ryan to handle the Smith Portage freight, which led subsequently to a franchise, the widening and improving of the portage road, and the handling of a peak tonnage of ten thousand tons during the Great Bear Lake radium mining boom. A tonnage that reached astronomical proportions during the American invasion and the construction of the famed and much abused Canol Pipeline Project.

Always quiet and unassuming, Mickey Ryan had *his* own effective way of coping with rebellious teamsters. There was the occasion when "Red" Martin, a big, raw-boned skinner, engineered a strike at Waterways. What he wasn't going to do to Mickey wasn't worth telling, he roared, as he tossed ninety pound bales around like rubber balls. He was still mumbling about the "good cussin'!" he'd given Mickey in a note he had sent him that morning when there came the pounding of hooves and a horse and rider emerged from the poplars. Sliding quietly off his horse, Mickey approached the angry teamster, surveying him with a cool, hard smile. Red became uncomfortable, and his belligerency seemed to evaporate as he caught Mickey's penetrating blue eye.

"Say," drawled Mickey softly, "I just received that note of yours."

"Why . . er! . . uh! it was like this, Mickey . . ."

"O.K." Mickey stepped forward. "Either you eat them words right here and now or you take a lickin'. Come on," Mickey held out the offending note, "*eat them words*—and make it snappy!"

Gradually the piece of paper disappeared into Red's capacious mouth, and he commenced to munch away like a cow chewing her cud. Mickey watched with a grim smile. Red's Adam's apple rose and fell a couple of times, then Mickey vaulted into the saddle. Without another word he disappeared along the trail leading back to Fort McMurray. The strike was over!

* * * *

The Chipewyan tribe, who continue to trade their bear and muskrat pelts at Fort Chipewyan, cradle of exploration in Northern Alberta, believe that the world was originally inhabited by a mighty bird whose eyes were of fire and whose wings created the thunder. When this bird touched the waters with his wings it caused the earth to arise and remain forever upon the surface. Having produced this miracle the omnipotent bird then created all the different living creatures who inhabit it with the sole exception of the Chipewyan tribe, who derived their existence from a dog. Having completed this work the bird left with the tribe an arrow which was to remain a sacred emblem, but which they foolishly destroyed. So angry was the bird at this act of desecration that it never returned to earth again, and left the Chipewyans to fend for themselves in the inhospitable Barrens.

In olden days, the Chipewyans maintain, their people lived to a ripe old age and did not die till

their feet wore down from walking, or their throats with eating, and their mythology includes the story of a deluge which enveloped the whole earth, causing their ancestors to seek safety on the mountain tops.

After death they entered a new world where they embarked upon a mighty river in a stone canoe. A gentle current bore them onward until they arrived at a large lake, in the centre of which was a beautiful island having upon it everything the aboriginal heart could desire to make life pleasant, including fabulously beautiful women. Behind this island they would have to appear before some mighty spirits who would sit in judgment on them and decide whether their good or evil deeds in life predominated. If they had been good they were permitted to land on the island where they could indulge to their heart's content for the rest of Eternity in those carnal and sensual pleasures which, according to their viewpoint, represented the acme of bliss. If, on the other hand, they had led evil lives, the stone canoe would sink, leaving them to struggle for all time in the water within sight of their more fortunate companions.

* * * *

One hundred and fifty years ago this summer the Hudson's Bay Company reared the stockades of a puny fort on a river flat near

the present Fort Saskatchewan, destined to become the nucleus of future Fort Edmonton and the present prosperous city of today. A year before, in the race to conquer the fur lands of the Northwest, the dynamic North West Company of Montreal had pushed their barken craft across the continent to this same spot, and the brawny arms of sun-tanned *voyageurs* had erected Fort Augustus. Partly to keep a vigilant and jealous eye on each other's fur trading activities, and partly for mutual protection against warlike Indian tribes, the posts were founded side by side. After the amalgamation of the two great trading companies in 1821 under the name of the pioneer Hudson's Bay Company the name Fort Edmonton was retained, and that of Fort Augustus passed into oblivion.

Today, with the Alaska Highway an accomplished fact, and Soviet Russia linked with a chain of air ports radiating northwest from the city of Edmonton; with river transportation to the Arctic, and highways creeping northward to tap the hidden wealth of the Northland, those puny palisaded forts, alternately battling with each other for furs then joining hands to repel marauding Blackfeet, have fulfilled a great and unlooked for destiny in giving birth to a modern city that can truly call itself The Crossroads of the World.

ABOUT WOMEN

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.
Concerning the baby stare. If it's real she doesn't know enough. If it's not she knows too much.

The Trail of Tamowenuk

By

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Beneath the wolverine-trimmed hood of his caribou-skin ahtegi Iksik's genial face expanded into a broad grin as his slant-eyed huskies tore across the crusted drifts, causing the ice-shod komatik to leap and sway as though imbued with life.

"Easy!" cried Tamowenuk, his fur-clad wife, as she clutched desperately at the rawhide lashing which held the load of frozen caribou meat in place. "This komatik lurches like a wounded caribou."

Iksik's laugh ended in a croak of surprise. Across the whiteness of the snow-swept Barrens dark stains of smoke ascended high into the coppery sky.

"*Ik-kil-lin-ik!* Indians!" shrilled Tamowenuk. "Quick! turn the dogs. Those Eaters of Caribou will kill us."

But Iksik had his own ideas. He'd trailed the musk-oxen inland along the Arkilunik; traded white fox pelts with the *Kablunats* at Fort Churchill, and once had journeyed deep into the mist-enshrouded fastnesses of the Polar ice-fields with a lone Mountie in search of an Eskimo murderer. Iksik prided himself upon being different from the rest of the Igluliks. He was an adventurer as well as a hunter, with supreme faith in his ability to take care of himself. Sending his five-fathom walrus-hide whip over the ears of his galloping team, he drove straight towards the redskin camp.

"Attay! Go ahead!" shrilled the rosy-cheeked Tamowenuk, "I'm afraid that we'll have trouble. Al-

ways the *Ik-kil-lin-ik* hated the Eskimos."

Ahead the snow was mottled with scrub spruce. They were nearing the Land of Little Sticks—the no-man's-land usually avoided by the Eskimos on account of the presence of their traditional enemies, the red men. Above the whiteness of the tundra arose at last the conical skin lodges of the Caribou Eaters. Hooded figures appeared here and there. Squaws ran, shouting, from lodge to lodge. Slat-ribbed Indian curs snarled angry warning. Then, into the motley horde of Indians careened the fan-shaped team of huskies yelping with delight as the swaying komatik sprayed the tawny bystanders with a cascade of glittering crystal.

For a moment Big Cheesie, mahogany-faced chief of the Caribou Eaters, surveyed his Eskimo visitors with mingled fear and amazement. If these two Eaters of Raw Flesh were bold enough to enter the camp of their ancient enemies there must be other Eskimos not far away. It would pay to be polite. So the Caribou Eaters met Iksik's friendly "*Chimo!*" with guttural "*Bo'jou's!*" and smiling faces.

That night the throb of painted tom-toms echoed far out over the frozen wastes as Eskimos and Indians feasted on roasted caribou meat, and split shinbones to dig out the succulent marrow. For two days and nights the feasting continued till Iksik's huge load of meat had diminished almost to the vanishing point.

"Ho! man from the land of polar bears," ejaculated Big Cheesie as he ponasked a juicy caribou steak before the leaping flames of his lodge fire, "tomorrow we leave for Fort Fitzgerald, six sleeps towards the setting sun. Come with us and see these white men and all the riches in their wooden lodges. Truly, your heart will be gladdened."

"That is fine, Big Brother," grinned Iksik. "I will go. Have your squaws take care of my wife. She expects soon to have a child."

Hardly had the murky light of dawn crept over the empurpled reaches of the tundra than Iksik hitched the walrus-hide breaststraps about his wire-haired huskies, rubbed noses with Tamowenuk, cracked his long lash over the pointed ears of his straining team, than the cavalcade was under way.

As the Eskimo's well-fed huskies continued, day after day, to outdistance the scrawny, ill-fed Indian curs, the Caribou-Eaters commenced to mutter among themselves. Over the crusted drifts of Nonacho Lake, Tekulthli Lake and Hill Island Lake the teams sped swiftly till, at sunset the sixth day, they emerged from the forested mouth of Dog River, careened with jangling bells into the frontier settlement of Fort Fitzgerald and pulled up before the Hudson's Bay post.

The arrival of Big Cheesie and his motley braves was received by Billy Lyall, the factor, with casual disinterest. Long experience with this troublesome and predatory band had taught both he and the other traders to keep them at a respectful distance. Their furs traded, they were relegated to the

squalid cabins reserved for visiting redskins, and given the customary hand-out of sowbelly, tea and hardtack.

But with Iksik it was different. Never before had the residents of Fort Fitzgerald seen an Eskimo in the flesh, and this cheerful son of the Polar spaces was received with open arms; his genial smile unlocking the doors of every cabin and trading post in the settlement. He was fed on food and delicacies he'd never dreamed existed. Presents of white man's clothing, knives, scissors, needles and shining axes were heaped upon him although he had no furs.

Back in the Indian cabins the mutterings of Big Cheesie's Caribou Eaters became more rabid. Why had they brought this Eater of Raw Flesh to see the whites, only to be ignored themselves while he was feted? Deeply the spears of jealousy stabbed into their hearts. But Iksik, warmed by the kindness of these *Kab-lunats*, and absorbed with his glittering treasures, failed to notice the signs of the impending storm. Instead, his mind was occupied with the wonderful stories he'd have to tell Tamowenuk when he returned to the smoky lodges of the tribesmen.

Not till they were driving eastward along the forested shores of Lady Grey Lake did Iksik realize that anything was amiss. Eskimo-like, he made no comment, preserving an implacable, imperturbable calm in the face of lowering brows and scowling looks.

But it wasn't in Caribou Eater nature to long resist the temptation to take advantage of one apparently weaker than themselves. From scowls they turned

to jibes and insulting gestures. They laughed at the way he ate his food. They ridiculed the way he fondled his sharp-eared huskies. Then, as they kindled a blazing campfire on the crest of a rocky ridge one night, Big Cheesie resorted to open taunts. "No one who called himself a man," leered the savage, "would eat from the same pot as his dogs." A burst of raucous laughter greeted this sally. "Any man who so acts," continued Cheesie, warmed by the approval of his companions, "must have been sired by a dog himself."

Quickly Iksik rose from the stone on which he had been sitting and slipped down the steep bank towards the frozen creek, followed by the jeering laughter of his companions. Above him the Indians were silhouetted clearly against the leaping flames of the campfire. Their ribald laughter still echoed over the rocks when the staccato reverberations of a rifle suddenly echoed through the ravine. Far below the purple darkness was stabbed by livid spears of flame. As Iksik's Winchester spat fire the Caribou Eaters cavorted in fear and anguish as they attempted to avoid the leaden pellets. Leaping for the protection of adjacent boulders they yelled to the Eskimo to desist.

At last the shooting ceased. But Iksik did not show up. As though the earth had swallowed him he disappeared completely. All night the Indians shivered in the biting cold behind the rocks and boulders, fearful of replenishing the fire lest they again become targets for the Eskimo's bullets.

Having attended to their wounded, the dejected and dispirited

redskins pulled out at daylight for their lodges, hauling their wounded "heroes" on toboggans, their courage far below the zero mark.

There was but one way to wipe out the stain of this affront—to take it out on the defenseless Tamowenuk!

Screaming squaws greeted their return with word that Tamowenuk had become a mother a couple of days before. Angrily they turned upon the defenseless woman, driving her, sobbing, from the camp with neither food nor weapons—her naked infant nestling in the furred hood of her *koolitan*. Her protests availed her nothing. They seemed only to add fuel to the bitter hatred that burned in the breasts of the motley Caribou Eaters, who made the stunted spruce woods ring with their taunting laughter as her heart-rending cries came echoing back across the frozen tundra.

Between the spot where the Caribou Eaters had cast Tamowenuk away, and the homes of her Iglulik people on the sterile shores of Hudson Bay, lay, in stark and utter isolation, seven hundred miles of treeless, blizzard-swept, snow-covered tundra. Not a stick, not a tree, not even a solitary hill was there to break the dread monotony of whiteness. Inhabited only by the Arctic hare, the white fox, the gaunt wolf and the migratory caribou, the unutterable loneliness of this vast, illimitable Land of Cain dulled one's very soul and stultified the mind.

But the Stone Age mother came of a race renowned for its courage and resourcefulness. Now and then she clubbed an Arctic hare.

Coming across a partly-devoured caribou pulled down by ravening wolves, and not yet frozen, she feasted on the raw, red meat. From one of the bones she made a knife, and from a rib and a piece of driftwood fashioned a spear. Other bones she made into fish-hooks, while from the skin and sinews she manufactured snares and fishlines.

Spearing an occasional caribou; snaring the odd ptarmigan and Arctic hare; fishing where swift water had prevented ice from forming, she made her way slowly across the dismal Barrens. When assailed by biting blizzards from the Pole she erected a snow igloo, using her bone knife to cut the snow-blocks, warming it with a blubber lamp contrived from a cupped rock in which she burned caribou grease for fuel, striking a light from a metal ornament on her dress and a flint picked up in the Barrens.

In spring she awaited the caribou migration at a crossing on the Dubwant, speared a dozen or more as they swam the stream in countless thousands, jerked the meat and hauled it behind her on a roughly-improvised sled. Nearly a year after being cast away by Big Cheesie and his redskin rascals she trudged into a huddle of dome-shaped igloos, her child alive and kicking in her hood. It was the village of her people!

But what had happened to Iksik? Inquiries at neighbouring camps, and at the Hudson's Bay post at Chesterfield Inlet, proved fruitless. Had he succumbed to icy blizzards that swept those awesome Barrens over which she'd fought such a desperate fight? Or, had he fallen victim to hun-

ger and starvation, for the wolves and foxes to gnaw his bones?

A month later the Igluliks departed to hunt for caribou. The weeks slipped by, then loud shouts arising above the howling of the wind announced the return of the hunters. Crawling through the snow tunnels, women and children observed shadowy figures fighting their way through the swirling curtain of spinning flakes. But there were six in the party instead of five! Who was the other man? Suddenly Tamowenuk emitted a hoarse croak of delight and catapulted forward. A moment later she was in the arms of the attenuated, but still smiling, Iksik.

Exactly six months after Tamowenuk had been cast so heartlessly away Big Cheesie and his braves stampeded into Fort Fitzgerald. Ragged and starving, they sought out Inspector Anderson at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks on the hill. "The Eskimos," they cried, "they've driven us from our hunting grounds. Wherever we go they haunt us, skulking among the rocks and gullies, waiting for a chance to kill us. All the way into the fort these Eaters of Raw Flesh have dogged our trail. Give us food," they whined, "our squaws and children are starving."

A few days later Constables Grinstead and Baker escorted the terror-stricken redskins back to their hunting grounds to investigate. Not a sign of an Eskimo was anywhere to be seen. Haunted by their guilty consciences, the Caribou Eaters had simply developed a case of nerves, seeing an imaginary Eskimo in every rock and shadow. Fearful of being at-

tacked by vengeful enemies they'd been afraid to hunt and trap; abandoned everything in a frenzy of fear, and almost starved in their precipitate flight to carry their troubles to the Mounted Police.

Today Iksik and Tamowenuk still live, and hunt, happily in their Polar home near Hudson Bay. But to this day Big Cheesie's Caribou Eaters haunt the out-

skirts of Fort Fitzgerald, ragged and hungry; afraid to return to their erstwhile hunting grounds, where caribou are plentiful, lest the vengeance of the Eskimos be visited upon them.

NOTE: The details of this story were given the writer by Inspector Anderson ("Andy"), of the R.C.M. Police, in 1921, just after these events occurred. Later, on an exploratory journey by dog-team through the Caribou Eater hunting grounds, I also heard Big Cheesie's version.—P.H.G.

"In the Meantime"

By

Charles "Denny" LaNauze

Billy Carroll and Pete McCalum were old trappers, both very talkative, as some trappers are who live alone. When they meet someone they just let their tongues run as they please.

They were both headed for a Peace River trading post when they met on the trail one cold January day. It was one of those *really* cold days; still as death, with no bottom to the thermometer.

"We just got talking," Billy said, "and as we stood there it got colder and colder. My eyelids

were almost sticking together with the cold, the sort of frozen stillness you could actually *hear*. Soon I heard little sounds, like particles of ice falling, then I noticed the sounds coincided with the sound of our voices. So help me! the breath from our mouths was freezing as we spoke and fell in ice around us. Then we got arguing about the price of fur, and before we knew it we were each surrounded with our own frozen eloquence. Picking our axes off the sleds we chopped ourselves out and went on to the fort."

NEIGHBOURS

There is a story told about an old Quaker who stood at the village well greeting weary travellers who passed along the way. And to each who asked, "What kind of people live around here?" he would respond with another question, "What kind of people did thee find in thy last abode?"

If the traveller said he had left a community where people were bright gay, genial and fun-loving, the Quaker father would answer promptly that the questing one would find them much the same in his community. But to travellers who complained they had left a community where people were ugly, quarrelsome and ill-tempered the patriarch would sadly shake his head and say, "Alas, brother, here thee will find them much the same."

Belly River Dan

A Ballad of the early days in old Lethbridge

By

K. D. Johnson

Belly River Dan was southern
Alberta's pride.
He was six feet six from top to toe
—he was forty inches wide.
His voice was like a wolf's, he had
hell-fire in his eye,
And a battle with six-shooters was
to him just "apple pie".

Belly River Dan as a babe raised
merry hell,
He was bottle fed on cactus juice
and Lobo's milk as well.
He bossed his nurse when three
years old, also his brother Tim,
Then told his Dad where he "got
off" when Daddy scolded him.

Now, down in old Lethbridge lived
Julie Laurendeau,
A dark-eyed prairie belle who
came from River Bow.
She worked for Gene Boutellier
in Gene's bodega there,
And Shorty Miron loved her from
her heels up to her hair.

Shorty was young and tender, he
had never "beefed" a foe,
So when Dan from Belly River
came poor Shorty stood no
show.

For the fickle female smiled at
Dan, and Dan, he grinned at her
While he picked his teeth with a
carving fork and combed his
hair with a spur.

Shorty's poor heart was torn when
he saw Dan plant a kiss
On the luscious lips of Julie where
he oft had sought for bliss.

He sneaked behind the bar afeelin'
like the deuce,
And tried to drown his sorrow in
a jug of "Prune Juice."

Old Gene's "Red Eye" was strong
and when it hit the spot
Young Miron's soul was fortified
and rendered wild and hot.
He sprang upon the bar and, ut-
tering a yell,
He drew a great big butcher knife
and leaped at Dan-i-el.

Now, Daniel's hand was swift, his
gun was very true.
His bullets coming thick and fast
pierced Miron thru' and thru'.
And though he should have bled
to death he bled no gore at all,
For, instead of bleeding blood,
he bled high-proof alcohol.

All rattled at the sight Dan turned
too late to flee,
And Shorty reached him with a
knife and carved him merrillee.
He cut a piece of "bilin' beef" from
off his brisket bone,
Then chopped his arms and legs
apart so Daniel did atone.

Now up in heaven the angels
laugh, while the Devil down in
hell

Is swearing sulty sulphurous oaths
about our Dan-i-el.

For his imps are working over-
time and drawing extra pelf,
Assembling Daniel's remnants to
look something like himself.

Oh! Belly River Dan, Oh! Danny,
Dan-i-el,
He lost his place on earth, in
Heaven he could not dwell.
For the Angels would not gather
up his remnants where they
fell

When he got chopped to little bits,
so Belly River went to hell.

* * * *

Dan was a cowboy who worked
on the ranches between Macleod

and Lethbridge. Miron was one of
the first butchers in Lethbridge,
being a partner in Piche & Miron's
shop. The Laurendeau's were
early settlers along the Bow River
east of Calgary. As you probably
know, "Prune Juice" and "Red
Eye" were the names given to the
liquor brought into southern Al-
berta by the rum runners in the
early days.

The Clue of the Skull

By

Norman Luxton

Andrew Sibbald was the first
school teacher Morleyville had
ever had. I've forgotten the exact
year he arrived from Ontario with
his family, but I think it was in
the middle Seventies.

One fall a party of five young
men set out from Ontario in the
usual old-time carts, or prairie
wagons, en route to Westminster.
Arriving at Morleyville after a
long and tedious journey they
discovered they could go no fur-
ther on wheels. Seeking out
David McDougall they traded
their carts for saddle horses and
pack ponies, bought a few extra
supplies, and departed. Nothing
further was heard of them till the
following spring, when two of the
party arrived back at the settle-
ment. They were returning East,
they said, but their companions
had decided to continue on to the
coast. Knowing that Mr. Sibbald
was the only possible authority
this side of Fort Garry (now Win-
nipeg) they asked if he would
take note of the fact that their

friends had discovered, and staked
out, some hot springs up the Bow
River some forty miles west of
Morleyville. "This is merely a
precaution," one of them smiled.
"The boys intend registering them
properly at the first opportunity."
After spending a few days with
Mr. Sibbald they departed. Then,
a year later, the school teacher re-
ceived three letters, one from each
of the families of the three young
men who were supposed to have
gone on to the coast. Did he have
any idea as to their whereabouts?
Were they, by any chance, around
Morleyville? All inquiries failed.
The boys had disappeared as com-
pletely as though the earth had
opened up and swallowed them.

* * * *

Forty years later, in the village
of Banff, William Peyto and a Mr.
Luxton formed a partnership and
indulged in the fascinating hobby
of unearthing old sites of the
Snareing Indians, several of which
are to be found around Banff;
hunting for fossils, and seeking out

old Indian relics. In the course of their travels one day they came across a pile of weathered bones on the side of Tunnel Mountain which, according to their formation, they concluded must be those of white men. Besides two thigh bones and arm bones discovered by William Peyto, a skull was discovered by Mr. Luxton, which he also judged to be that of a young white man. Over the right eye socket was a small bullet hole about the size of a .28 muzzle-loading rifle, a type very popular with traders and Indians of that day.

When Mr. Sibbald was shown the bones and skull he was quite satisfied they were the answers to the letters he had received back in the Seventies.

Now, the Bow Valley, from the foothills, in as far as the Bow

Summit and over the Vermilion and Kootenay Pass, has always been jealously guarded by the Indians, whether they come from the Columbia Valley or down the Bow from the Saskatchewan. Even as late as the Eighties, Canadian Pacific Railway surveyors found this out, and it was only through one of them being able to cure an Indian of some simple sickness that the great road was continued without bloodshed. The Indians let them pass, looking upon them, no doubt, as great medicine men.

But not so fortunate were the three young men who came West, seeking fame and fortune. In staking out the hot springs in this jealously guarded area they had, no doubt, signed their death warrants. Incidentally, the skull now rests with other relics in the Luxton Museum at Banff.

THE WALLET

Old Bill Greathouse's place was a great hangout for stag parties. One night a crowd came from Provost to engage in an all night poker game, with whiskey on the side. It was Bill's lucky night, and after he'd cleaned out the boys all hit the hay. At noon Bill pulled on his pants and started to cook breakfast. Deciding to count his winnings he reached into his pocket and found his wallet gone. With a roar he grabbed his trusty six-shooter and lined his frightened guests against the wall. Sure enough, there was his wallet in the pocket of the last man in the row. Bill would probably have committed murder if the others hadn't insisted that he let the culprit explain. The explanation was simple. Due to his hangover, Bill had donned the first pair of pants he laid his hands on, and so the pantless one had no choice but to put on Bill's.

REMEMBER?

Has it ever occurred to you:
That other people may find it difficult to get on with you?
That you were young yourself once?
That others have a right to their own opinions?
That what you do and say helps to shape other lives?
That home is where you ought to be at your best, not your worst?
That you can begin again?
That you might have tried harder?

The Dead Man Who Pumped Water

By

William Spindler

Thirty years ago I was working for a lumberman in an up-river camp about 100 miles southwest of Edmonton, Alberta, freighting, making the round trip to Edmonton every seven days.

Ask any old-timer what's the coldest job in these parts and they will tell you "on the tote road." That was a bitter winter, the thermometer often reaching sixty below. On this particular trip I was pulling into a stopping place for the night, frozen stiff and about starving. The old team was about played out for the heavy snow was like sand.

I was caring for my team, anticipating a good hot supper, when I heard the pump rattle in the stable yard. Thinking another tote team had pulled in I closed the barn door only to hear a strange moaning from the direction of the pump. I grabbed my lantern and proceeded to investigate. Passing another sleigh I glanced into the box and noticed a pile of disarranged blankets. The rays of my lantern showed me the source of the groans. With one hand on the pump handle, his feet in frozen socks and no cover on his head, stood, or rather crouched, the most woe-begone human being I have ever seen. Clotted blood over his hairy face and chest was frozen solid, one arm was dangling and useless. Moaning and groaning, he was about to collapse as I took hold of him.

I yelled for someone to come from the house, but they were evidently busy with their supper.

Rolling the stranger in the blankets I tore over to the house. The farmer, his wife, a grown-up son, daughter and two strangers sat at the table. "Who is the man outside?" I shouted.

"Oh! that's a poor stiff," remarked a lumberjack. "He got killed in the camp this morning. Tree fell on him."

"Well," I cried, "he was trying to get a drink at the pump!"

"You're crazy," came the contemptuous retort. "He's been dead twelve hours."

The only person who seemed to grasp the situation was the landlady, a big strapping woman of about two hundred and fifty pounds. Hurrying out with me we picked up the poor fellow, who was semi-conscious, and carried him into the house. The others, by this time, were eager to give a hand.

In the better light of the house the crippled man looked worse than ever. His face was swollen; frozen blood covered his head, neck and chest; one arm was smashed, and no doubt he had other injuries. We laid him on an old sofa. The landlady got hot water and started to wash his head and face while I tried to feed him a few drops of broth with a teaspoon. Moaning and groaning all the time while swallowing the liquid, he gradually opened a very blue eye. He had thick black hair, a black beard, and appeared to be a rather distinguished looking man in spite of his smashed-up appearance.

For an hour we did all we could. His two companions seemed anxious to help, but were afraid to come too near as, to them, he was still a dead man. Lumberjacks of that period were very superstitious and generally quite illiterate.

It was twenty-five miles to the nearest doctor at Stony Plain, and another twenty on to the city. With only heavy horses to make the trip, and the thermometer hitting fifty below, we heated stones, got a couple of extra stable lanterns, and while the son got ready one of the farm teams we put the man in the sleigh, covered with blankets and quilts. With the son driving, and one of his mates beside him to watch the lanterns, they started out about midnight for Stony Plain, where the doctor looked the stranger over and rushed him to the city hospital.

On my way to camp it suddenly dawned upon me that I didn't even know the man's name.

Four or five years later I was working on the river drive, and since they needed men I went down-river on a small raft to the city. Street cars had just been put on the Edmonton streets so, fancying the novelty of a ride, I climbed on at First street and Jasper. The conductor, a dark man with very blue eyes, smart and trim, took my money, and stopped and looked at me.

"Did you live up-river a few years ago?" he asked. "Do you remember a man being killed at one of the camps one very cold spell?"

"Yes!" I said.

"Then," he beamed, "you must be the man that gave me the hot soup at that old lady's place back in the jungles and helped bring me back to life."

He pulled off his cap and showed me a big white scar right across his head. His arm had been crushed, some of his fingers and toes had been frozen, and other parts of his body had been badly bruised, but the hospital had patched him up wonderfully, and he insisted that he was as good as ever..

By this time I had circled the route and jumped off after saying good-bye to my unnamed friend, who could not thank me enough for the little service I had done him.

Soon after came August, 1914. I joined up and was overseas some three years. When I returned my wife told me that the 'flu had carried off the entire family of our kindly stopping-place folks. As for "the dead man who pumped water," I believe he went overseas and is amongst those to whom we pay homage every November 11th.

FISH STORY

When the first homesteaders came to the Eye Hill District they crowded the ranchers off the map. The cattlemen resented this intrusion, but it must have given them some comfort to realize that farmers would not last long on the sandy soil. One of these settlers asked a cowboy whether there were any fish in Eye Hill Creek.

"No!" the rider chortled, "but there are a hell of a lot of suckers settling along it."

How Dave McDougall Hunted Wild Geese

By

K. D. Johnson

A Mounted Policeman patrolling the Stony Indian Reserve at Morley called at Dave McDougall's house one day about noon. They invited him in to stay for dinner, the main dish being two roasted wild geese.

The meal over, they were having their after dinner smoke, when the policeman inquired: "Do you get many wild geese here, Mr. McDougall?"

"No," Dave answered, "very few. It was just my luck I got these. 'The road, you see, has been in such bad shape lately that we could not drive forty miles to Calgary for supplies, and we were running short of grub. Well, a couple of days ago I thought I'd go to the barnyard and kill a couple of chickens. I just got out into the yard when I heard a flock of geese honking. Looking around the end of the barn I saw a flock of about twenty geese circling over the coulee. Finally I saw them settle down in a little slough surrounded by high bullrushes, about three hundred yards from the house. 'Here,' I thought, 'is a good chance to get some good meat', so I went back to the house for my gun, a single-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun with a steel ramrod. I put some powder in the gun and rammed it down with

some paper, but when I looked for the shot I found my shot pouch was empty. My chance of getting some geese appeared to evaporate into thin air. Then an idea came into my head. Wrapping some paper around the end of the ramrod so it would fit tightly I shoved it down the gun barrel on top of the powder. I slipped a gun-cap on the nipple and went out the back door. The geese were still there in the slough. Sneaking down the coulee out of sight of the geese I stalked them carefully until within about a hundred yards of the slough. Then I got down on hands and knees and crawled up into the bullrushes at the edge of the slough. The geese were sitting close together in the middle of it, most of them with their heads under their wings having a siesta. I yanked the gun to my shoulder and yelled 'Shoo!' As the geese all popped up their heads I pulled the trigger, waded out into the slough and, believe it or not, picked up *eleven* dead geese."

"Ah! but David," Mrs. McDougall reminded him, "ye forgot the one that fell behind the barn. That made the even dozen ye shot with that ramrod."

This story was told me by Corporal Chalmers after his return to Calgary from duty on the Stony Indian Reserve in 1897.

THE POINT OF VIEW

When a boy has a fight, Mother says, "Did you get hurt?" Father says, "Did you spoil your clothes?" Brother says, "Did you lick him?"

The Story of the Blood Indians

By

*Rev. Canon S. H. Middleton,
C.E.D., C. St. J., F.R.E.S., B.Sc.*

"Indian" is the name generally given to all the aborigines, or original people of both North and South America. It was first wrongly applied by the Spaniards at the time of the discovery of America, under the mistaken idea that they had landed in India.

The first historical record of the Blood Indians was given by Anthony Hendry when he met them on the western plains on October 14th, 1754. They were then camping with the north and south Blackfeet and Peigans, which four tribes formed the original Blackfoot Confederacy. These political divisions of the Blackfoot Nation have been very definite for many centuries, and their origins have long had a place in Indian mythology. The genesis of these divisions must forever remain obscure, although there are many indications as to the order of their evolution. As this article is only an outline, the legends explaining each separate identity cannot be dealt with here.

In the remote past, according to their history, they were held for many centuries in the Northland as captives, inhabiting the forests and muskges of the Slave Lake and Peace River country. They were literally held in bondage, as the Egyptians held the Israelites. Their captors treated them as Slaves—from whence arose the names Great and Lesser Slave Lakes. Many historians mention this fact.

Ultimately, however, the captives became so strong that they drove their captors south and east. Then commenced the famous southern migration of the Confederacy, moving as one vast army from forty to fifty thousand strong. They came south, driving the Crows, the Shoshones, the Nez Percés and the Crees before them; and laid claim to that vast territory stretching from the Red Deer River in the north to the Yellowstone in the south; beyond the Saskatchewan in the east, and to the crest of the Rockies in the west. As proof of their valour, courage and native ability they successfully held all that enormous area against aggression by enemy tribes until it was subsequently taken from them by Treaty and peaceable negotiation.

In that long ago, when the Indians were the masters of this vast domain, they had time for leisure, reflection and meditation. They developed intellectually far beyond what we have been led to suppose. In physique they were, and still are, tall and finely proportioned. Their ethics and code of morality were almost Spartan in their rectitude.

They were the highest type, physically, mentally and morally of any of the western tribes, and their courage was unquestioned. They were intensely religious. No people prayed more earnestly nor more frequently. In the domestic sphere they possessed the art of

tanning deerskin to a delicate softness which rendered it a luxurious and delightful raiment, and, like the Aztecs of the south, they manufactured head-dresses of feathers and garments trimmed with porcupine work. They also had elaborated a system of picture writing. In short, the Bloods were the most intelligent and advanced of the western tribes, and had their civilization been permitted to proceed unhindered by white aggression, and the recurring inroads of their hereditary enemies, it would probably have developed into something resembling that of the original people of Mexico, without, perhaps, exhibiting the sanguinary fanaticism of that people.

The Indian name representing the tribe is "Kai-nau", derived from "Ah-kai-hah" — "many chiefs".

So far as history and tradition go the Bloods have long been roving buffalo hunters, dwelling in tepees and moving like nomads from place to place without permanent habitations. Their traditions go back to a time when they had no horses, and hunted their game on foot, but as early as Hendry's time, before 1754, they had already acquired many horses, taken from tribes to the southward, and later became noted for their great horse herds.

Unquestionably their widespread wanderings arose largely from the acquisition of the horse and, about the same time, of the gun. They were restless, aggressive, predatory—constantly at war with their neighbours: the Crees, Assinaboines, Sioux, Crows and Kutenias.

Their culture in latter days was that of the Plains tribes generally.

The four main divisions seem to have been independent of each other, each having its own Sun Dance, Council and elective head-chief.

Each of the four tribes was subdivided into a number of bands, about forty in all. The gentile character of these bands is still retained. There is also a military and fraternal organization, known amongst them as the "All Comrades" and consists of at least twelve orders, or societies, membership being restricted more or less according to age.

They have innumerable dances: religious, war and social, besides secret societies for various purposes, together with many "sacred bundles" around each of which centres a complex ritual. The chief order amongst them is the "Horn Society". Both sexes may be members of some societies. Their principal deities are the Sun, and a supernatural being known as "Napi"—Old man—who may be an incarnation of the same idea. The dead were usually deposited in trees, or were laid away in tepees erected on prominent hills.

Previous to the 17th century very little seems to have been heard of the Bloods. This is probably due to their absorption in the Blackfoot Confederacy, and the lack of reliable historians during those remote times. Definite records, however, appear from time to time, mention being made of them in 1754, 1774, 1786 and 1794. Walch speaks of them in 1805; Henry in 1808; Franklin in 1824; Maximillian in 1843, and Hale in 1846. Morgan gives a translation of the name as "high minded people" in 1871.

In the olden times they were a stronger and hardier race, and few of them were ever sick. Most of those who died either met death in battle, or died of old age. We may well believe this was the case since the conditions of their life in those primitive times were such that the weakly were hardly likely to survive early childhood. Only the strongest children would grow up to become the parents of the next generation. Thus a process of selection was constantly going on, the effect of which was no doubt reflected in the general health of the people.

With the advent of the whites came new conditions. Smallpox and other diseases were introduced and swept off large numbers of the people. In the year 1845 they were first decimated by the smallpox. This disease appears to have travelled up the Missouri River, and between 1840 and 1850 swept away hordes of Mandans, Sioux, Crows and other tribes camped along the great river. The disease spread from tribe to tribe and finally reached the Bloods. In the winter of 1857-58 smallpox again carried off great numbers, though the mortality was not to be compared with that of the earlier visitation. In 1864 measles ravaged the camps, with fatal results; followed five years later by still another smallpox epidemic.

The early history of southern Alberta and the names of many of its geographical centres were closely associated with the Blood Indians.

The Mounted Police arrived in 1874, and on September 22nd, 1877, a Treaty was concluded between the Blackfoot Confederacy

and the Canadian Government, which covered an area of 35,000 square miles. A subsequent and separate treaty was made with the Bloods which set aside the tract of land now known as the Blood Indian Reserve. It is situated on the south-west corner of Alberta.

This splendid tract of land, well watered, was assigned to the Blood Indians on July 2nd, 1883, when treaty was made and ratified between the Great White Mother (Queen Victoria) and the Bloods. Five hundred and forty-one square miles in extent, it is the largest Indian reserve in the Dominion, with a present population of 1,664 Indians.

At the time of signing treaty the Bloods had no settled habitations. Their nomadic habits made it impossible to operate day schools successfully and led to the institution of boarding schools, which are now recognized by the Government as the most useful types of institutions for educating native children.

The administration of the reserve is carried on under the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, and is represented by a resident Indian Agent, clerks, farm instructors, interpreters and native assistants. There is a Government hospital located on the reserve, while education is consigned to both Anglican and Roman Catholic churches.

The Indian farms are divided into four groups, each under the supervision of a resident farm superintendent. There are approximately ten thousand acres under cultivation, while the Bloods also own large numbers of horses, the proverbial cayuse having almost disappeared from the reserve.

The Blood Indians have long been noted for their haughty demeanour, dignified bearing and independent spirit, and are regarded as being amongst the most progressive and intellectual Indians in Western Canada.

As a man the Blood Indian is not very different from his white brother. In his natural state he is kind and affectionate to his family, and is hospitable, honest and straightforward with his fellow

tribesmen. He is intensely religious; no people pray more frequently or more earnestly. In the march of progress Indian men and women are today attaining places of honour side by side with the Paleface. Let us hope that the ancient virtues of courage and endurance which have stood the Indian people in such good stead in the past will assist their descendants in the even more strenuous tasks of adapting themselves to the inroads of modern civilization.

HOTEL REGULATIONS, 1882

The old Macleod Hotel was rough, ready and typically Western. It was run by Harry Taylor, who had managed to be both missionary and whiskey trader in his time. "Old Kamoose," they called him. Outside "Kamoose's" hotel was the sign "Macleod Hotel" with a picture of a gun pointing at a man's head, followed by the inscription, "No jawbone—in God we trust, all others cash."

Here are some of the rules as laid down by the proprietor:

Boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.

Every known fluid, water excepted, for sale at the bar.

Special rates to Gospel grinders and the gambling profession.

Towels changed weekly. Insect powder for sale at the bar.

No kicking regarding the food.

Those who do not like the provender will get out or be put out.

All guests are requested to rise at six a.m. The sheets are needed for table cloths.

No cheques cashed for anybody. Payment must be in cash, gold, or blue chips.

The bar will be open day and night. Day drinks, 50c; night drinks, \$1.00. No mixed drinks will be served except in case of a death in the family.

Baths furnished free down at the river. Bathers must provide their own soap and towels.

When guests find themselves, or baggage, thrown over the fence they may consider it notice to quit.

To attract attention of waiters or bell boys, shoot a hole through door panel. Two shots for ice water; three for a deck of cards.

Fur Fort to Capital

By

W. Everard Edmonds

Edmonton's early history goes back to 1795, the period when the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company were interlocked in a deadly grapple for the trade of the north-western half of the North American continent. Their interests clashed most directly in the valley of the Saskatchewan and along that great river several rival trading posts were built. The two of greatest interest to us today were Fort Augustus, the property of the North West Company, and Fort Edmonton, the Hudson's Bay Company's post built in 1795. These two posts were founded side by side, partly to watch each other and partly for mutual protection against the war-like Indians of the plains. In 1821, when the two companies were united under the name of the older company, the name Fort Edmonton was retained, and that of Fort Augustus was dropped. Nevertheless, these two forts were the parents of the Edmonton we know today, though they were situated some twenty miles away from the site of the present city.

Old Fort Augustus and Fort Edmonton were destroyed by Indians about 1807 or 1808, and a little later two new forts were erected farther up the river on the site of the present city.

The peril to the forts along the Saskatchewan arose partly from the fact that the river tended to be the debatable frontier between the Blackfoot Confederacy of Plains Indians to the south and

the Crees who were dwellers in the forests to the north. As Alexander Henry says in his Journal: "The frequent disturbances between the Slaves (Blackfeet) and the Crees cause a certain jealousy which they often wish to revenge on us, saying that we are more partial to one tribe than to the other." Thus that very central position, advantageous for trade because the forts were easily accessible to the members of both tribes, was really a source of danger to the traders.

The spring of the following year, however, saw the next phase of Edmonton's early and precarious existence. In 1810 Hughes and Henry decided to abandon Fort Augustus and Fort Vermilion some distance down the river, and to build a new post at a point somewhere between. The post chosen was the mouth of the White Mud River. The reason for the change, as Henry explains, was that White Mud or White Earth "being a more central place, will answer the same purpose as the two present establishments, and will save the expense of one of them. It will also draw all the Slaves (Blackfeet) to trade at one place, where we can better defend ourselves from their insults."

Apparently the Hudson's Bay Company officials shared in this decision, for we find that the migration to the new site and the erection of the new posts was carried on in close conjunction and even co-operation by the em-

ployees of the two Companies. Thus the same Blackfoot peril which had led to the abandonment of Old Fort Augustus for New Fort Augustus in 1808, now caused the desertion of the latter for New White Earth House in 1810.

Just how long the site of the present city remained deserted after its abandonment in 1810, it is difficult to say. It is possible that the family of David Thompson, the explorer, spent the winter of 1810-11 in the fort. In May, 1811, Alexander Henry, on his way down the river from Rocky Mountain House, pitched his tent inside the old house. In 1814 John McDonald of Garth, returning from Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia entered Fort Augustus. In 1820, however, Dr. Richardson, the physician accompanying Sir John Franklin's expedition to the Polar Sea, travelled up the Saskatchewan as far as Carlton House, where he records in his journal the fact that "there are other provision posts, Fort Augustus and Edmonton, farther up the river." As Dr. Richardson wrote in 1820, it is possible that the posts were re-occupied in 1819 or even earlier.

Richardson did not actually visit Fort Augustus, and we are indebted to Alexander Ross, one of the pioneer fur traders of the Pacific slope, for a picture of life in Edmonton over a hundred years ago. Ross, who had decided to retire from trade, met Governor Simpson at Spokane House in 1825, and accompanied him back to Rupert's Land. The party had ascended the Columbia to Portage Point. Thence they had toiled across the Athabasca Pass to Rocky Mountain House, and then

descending the Athabasca, past Jasper House to Fort Assinaboine, they had there taken horse for Edmonton.

For four years now the strife of Nor'Wester and Hudson's Bay in the land had been hushed. Rival posts had been amalgamated and there was now but one fort at Edmonton, the name of the Hudson's Bay station having been retained. But it was a striking mark of the union which had taken place that while the Hudson's Bay name remained, the official in charge was Chief Factor Rowand, who had been a partner in the North West Company. "Fort Edmonton," says Ross, "is a large, compact establishment, with good buildings, palisades and bastions, pleasantly situated in a deep valley. An extensive and profitable trade is carried on with warlike tribes of the plains." The fort here referred to was doubtless the old building halfway up the river bank, with which old-timers are familiar, and not any mere restoration of the still older forts on the flats which had been abandoned in 1810. Of the men who ruled over this well set up and prosperous post Ross gives a pleasing picture. "Mr. Chief Factor Rowand, who has been long here, is the chief man of what is called the Fort Saskatchewan district. By him we were received with open arms. Gentlemen in the service are in the habit of receiving all strangers, whether of high or low rank, with courtesy and affability."

That evening in honour of the presence of the governor a grand ball was held which the entire population attended, arrayed in their best attire. For the affair as a whole, and for the ladies in par-

ticular, Ross has nothing but praise. "I had often heard the females of Fort des Prairies were celebrated for their attraction," he says, "and I must say that report had not in the least degree exaggerated their accomplishments. Modest and unassuming, they dressed well, danced well, and made a good show of fineries. In short, the whole affair was conducted with much good taste and decorum." As the annual boat brigade for York Factory, with which the party was now to travel, was not yet ready to depart, Ross had leisure to look about the fort, of which he leaves an interesting picture.

Even at this early day, thanks to the gift for discipline of Mr. Rowand, Edmonton's population had assumed a moral, orderly, industrious character. "I had seen very few places in the country," says Ross, "where domestic arrangements, either within doors or without, were conducted with so much propriety as at this place. At almost every other post men and women are to be seen congregating together during the sports and amusements of the men. But it is not so here. I did not see a woman, old or young, married or single, going about the place idle; all seemed to keep at home and to be employed about their own affairs. This reflects great credit upon Mr. Rowand and his family."

Ross notes also the agricultural activities of the fort. "Attached to this place," he says, "are two large parks for raising grain, and the soil being good, it produces large crops of barley and potatoes; but the spring and fall frosts prove injurious to wheat, which in consequence seldom comes to maturity."

Adjoining the cultivated fields was a race course some two miles in length. Here horse-racing, one of the chief summer sports of the establishment, was indulged in. Ross himself enjoyed a good gallop around the course on a steed of Mr. Rowand's, a chestnut sixteen hands high and very spirited. Many of the horses, he declared, for both size and muscle, were as fine animals as he had ever seen in the country.

It will be noted that the Alberta capital has borne a number of names. The North Westers called it Fort Augustus, and Ross refers to it as Fort de Prairie or Fort des Prairies. The name Edmonton, taken from that famous suburb in London connected with John Gilpin's ride, is, however, the one applied to it by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the one that has remained.

Alexander Henry has made very clear to us that trading with the Indians at the fort had an element of danger in it, and so much was this appreciated by the Hudson's Bay Company that a loaded blunderbuss was fixed on the trader's counter, in front of which the Indian fur seller was strategically placed for summary execution if he showed signs of creating trouble. "I visited the old store," says Hon. Frank Oliver, "on my arrival in Edmonton, and although it had not been used for ten years, one could easily see how business was conducted. All approaches to the store were directly in the line of fire so that the Indian had a pretty fair idea that he had better come to the purchasing counter peaceably inclined. Any other attitude on his part would have been indiscreet, to say the least."

The old fort below the present parliament buildings had an eighteen foot palisade around its four walls. This was supplemented by a gallery, rimmed with port holes. At each corner was a blockhouse of two storeys, the upper one projecting sufficiently to prevent its being scaled by a hostile foe. In the front wall of this fort and facing the river was the big gate just wide enough for a team to drive through; a short distance from this was the only other gate, a small wicket, through which a man had to stoop in order to pass. In the store itself, the larger space was for the clerk, the smaller one for the customer.

Although Edmonton was abandoned for a time as a chief distributing centre by the Hudson's Bay Company, in favour of Fort Carlton, then a centre of the buffalo trade, it came back to its own in the days of river navigation in the early eighties. It was clearly proven then, as it has since been proved more than once, that Edmonton was the logical route to the great unknown north with all its boundless resources.

Following the transfer of the Hudson's Bay Company's rights to the Canadian Government, the Edmonton settlement was established about 1870. Through the efforts of the Rev. George McDougall, the devoted missionary, the Methodist Church secured a large block of land (on a portion of which McDougall Church now stands) and the first Methodist church was built there in 1871.

Eventually a number of lots were sold, the first two for business purposes being bought by Hon. Frank Oliver and John A. McDougall, both of whom arrived

in Edmonton in 1876. The first hotel was opened by Donald Ross and the first newspaper, "The Edmonton Bulletin", was published by Hon. Frank Oliver and the late Alex. Taylor. Gradually the population increased, chiefly because it was believed that the C. P. R. must pass through the settlement. Many Edmonton lots were sold in Winnipeg during the boom of 1882.

When the Rev. D. G. McQueen arrived in Edmonton in 1887, the population numbered about one hundred and fifty, and a stage ran between Calgary and Edmonton only once a week. Dr. McQueen was inspector of schools in the district for several years, and he tells us that the first schoolhouse in Edmonton was built in 1881, Richard Secord being one of the pioneer teachers. The Klondyke gold rush in 1898 helped to swell Edmonton's population, and the future of the city was assured when the Canadian Northern Railway entered the town in 1905. Though the Calgary and Edmonton line had been in operation for some years previously, it was not until the high level bridge was built in 1912 that the long looked for C. P. R. arrived on the north side of the Saskatchewan.

Edmonton was incorporated as a town in 1892, Matthew McCauley being the first mayor. The Klondyke gold rush of 1898 helped to swell the population of the settlement to 2,500, and in 1904 the name of Edmonton first made its appearance on the roll of western cities by legislative act. Edmonton became the capital of the newly formed province of Alberta in 1906.

Thus has the old order given place to the new. From a remote

fur trading post, Edmonton has developed into a modern up-to-date city with a population of 112,000 souls.

What wonderful changes the last few years have witnessed. The old fort is gone and the rude hamlet is no more. The north bank of the Saskatchewan is today crowned with the beautiful parliament buildings while, on the south side of the river, the growing group of stately buildings on the university campus serves as a

reminder that "the merchandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." And here, may I say in closing, we have the secret of Edmonton's greatness. Not in granite magnificence, not in moneyed splendour—but in the utilization of the vast potentialities with which Nature has so bountifully endowed her, and in the unfailing courage and integrity of her citizens shall the City of Edmonton find her soul.

The Cossack Bandits of the Crow's Nest

By

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Hot as an oven blast the July wind swept across the Montana prairies, sending the three cowboy-hatted Cossacks to seek the shade of the chuck-wagon while the herd of black-faced sheep bleated restlessly about.

"I'm telling you it'll be easy," insisted the gorilla-like Russian with the drooping moustache and pock-marked face. "This Emperor Pic carries a wad that would choke an ox when he goes to the Crow's Nest Pass for his weekly load of bootleg hootch. It would be easy to lay him out and grab the money."

Fed up with the monotony of sheep herding, Tom Bassoff, the speaker, and his companion, Ackroff, had been jolted out of their humdrum existence by the visit of the hawk-eyed and dynamic Alex Auloff from the roistering mining town of Butte. Imbued with the swashbuckling urge bequeathed them by a long line of hard-fight-

ing Cossack ancestors, their minds had turned to a more adventurous way of making money.

"I'm with you," Ackroff nodded his shaggy head. "I'm sick of playing nursemaid to these bleating wool factories . . ."

Ackroff brushed back his tawny mane of yellow hair. "I'll slip down to Grand Falls and get the guns and stuff. You beat it across the border to Lethbridge, find out when Pickerello will make his next trip and I'll be there."

* * * *

On the sultry afternoon of August 2nd, 1920, passengers aboard Canadian Pacific Train No. 63 lolled in their seats.

"Sentinel . . . Sentinel Siding!" Brakeman James T. Hickie swung down the aisle in the wake of Conductor Sam Jones. "Senti . . ."

The staccato report of an automatic, the splintering crash of bullets and the harsh command

"Hands up!" froze the word on his lips. In a split second the quiet coach was transformed into a tumult of barking guns, screaming women and cursing men, their frightened eyes fixed on the three armed foreigners who were herding the astonished train crew towards the rear.

While Auloff prodded the train crew down the corridor, and Ackroff covered the cringing passengers with his automatics, Basoff pawed through their clothes, transferring cash, jewelry and trinkets to the capacious pockets of his mackinaw.

"Your money—quick!" Auloff prodded Conductor Jones to the rear platform with his Mauser. Swiftly his hairy paw relieved him of money, watch and valuables. Under the threatening muzzle of the Cossack's gun, Brakeman Hickie yanked a well-filled purse from his hip pocket and handed it across. Baggage man Joe Staple's empty pockets evoked an angry growl of disappointment.

"Make it go . . . the train!" snarled Auloff. Obediently Jones pulled the cord. Vaulting to the ties as the train gathered speed, the bandits sent a splintering barrage into the rear and disappeared into the protecting shadow of the forest.

The plans of the three Cossacks had miscarried. Meeting at Lethbridge they had shadowed Emperor Pic to the bank, seen him withdraw a large sum that morning, and followed him around. But the wily Emperor Pic had smelled a rat and slipped from the rear of the train ten miles from his destination. Determined to secure some spoils they then decided to hold up the train. Their reward was but a paltry four hundred

dollars, and a handful of useless jewelry and trinkets.

As news of the daring hold-up was flashed over the wires from Fernie squads of heavily armed Mounted Police and Provincials under Superintendent Pennyfather and Commissioner Bryan raced to throw a cordon around the scene of the robbery, and block all exits from the Pass. Upon the excited mining towns of Blairmore, Bellevue, Frank and Crow's Nest descended more squads of scarlet-coated Mounties, while detectives and blue-uniformed Railway police searched every train and string of clattering box-cars. Scarlet dodgers, offering a reward, appeared in every store, pool-room and post office. Yet five days slipped by without a sign of the wanted men.

Gazing through the windows of his office on Bellevue's Main Street, Sheriff Joe Robertson observed a couple of foreigners ambling down the sidewalk. Stopping to read the reward notice in the window they laughed, and disappeared into the Bellevue Cafe next door.

"Quick!" Robertson shouted to Constable Frewen over the phone, "two foreigners just went into the Chink's next door. They look like two of those bandits."

Provincial Constable William Bailey had just finished buckling on his side-arms when Corporal Usher of the Mounted Police burst in. Hurriedly Frewen also slipped a .28 Wesson and a .32 automatic into the pocket of his civvies, and the three hit out for the cafe.

"Better watch your step," Justice Robertson warned. "Those birds look like tough hombres to me."

"Cover the back door," Frewen told Bailey as they approached the unpainted cafe. "I'll slip in and give them the once-over. They won't suspect me in civvies."

Through the fly-specked window Usher watched him saunter past the booths and purchase cigarettes. He was pale when he emerged.

"Booth Four!" he whispered hoarsely. "Take the man on the left—I'll handle the other."

Grasping the butt of his .32 Frewen eased cautiously past the empty booths. "*Hands up!*" His gun leapt into the face of the amazed Ackroff. As Usher covered Bassoff with his Colt, Ackroff's hands dropped to the coat beside him.

"*Hands up!*" snapped Frewen.

From the folds of the Russian's coat emerged the wicked snout of a Mauser. A deafening detonation rocked the restaurant. Bounding forward like an ape, Bassoff's hairy hand caught Usher's gun wrist in a vice-like grip. Together they crashed about the booth, the Mountie's blazing Colt splintering floor and walls as the Cassock exerted his herculean strength to turn the gun against him. A bullet ripped through Bassoff's leg, causing him to draw back his lips in a ferocious yell. From the *mélée* of struggling, shouting men; of crashing bodies and splintering glass, emerged Frewen, dazed—his revolver smoking. "Shoot . . . *for God's sake shoot!*" he yelled to Bailey as another blast of gunfire rocked the cafe.

Fighting furiously, Bailey and Usher started to back out when Usher emitted a cry, caught at the door-jamb and pitched across the threshold. Still blazing away Con-

stable Bailey recoiled, swayed, and sprawled over the prostrate Mountie.

Lurching across the fallen officers, a smoking Mauser in his hand, Ackroff supported himself against the wall and staggered blindly down the street.

Bellowing like an infuriated bull, Bassoff loomed in the doorway. Attempting to crawl, Bailey met the Cossack's malign gaze. The bandit's revolver exploded in his face and he crumpled on the sidewalk. Lurching to his elbow, Usher, too, sank beneath a fusillade of bullets. Like a madman, Bassoff turned his smoking gun on the Sheriff, whipping his sombrero from his head.

Still shooting from behind a telephone pole scarred with the Cossack's bullets, Robertson saw Bassoff leap to the side of his wounded partner and end his torment with two well placed bullets. Then, with a defiant shriek he bounded, with the agility of a mountain goat, from rock to rock till lost to sight.

* * * *

Dazed by the sanguinary battle which, in a few awful moments had turned the sleepy cafe into a blazing inferno and blasted the lives from his two jovial officers, Frewen ran from store to store calling for volunteers to run down the fleeing bandit and avenge the killings.

While the posse of grim-faced men canvassed the town for weapons the bodies of the victims were carried into the sheriff's office.

As throbbing telegraph wires spread the story of the desperate gun battle in the mountain town angry miners and settlers stormed

the diminutive Mounted Police barracks, armed with a strange assortment of weapons, all anxious for vengeance.

While posses helped patrol the mountains and tighten the cordon, others combed the valleys and canyons in search of Auloff, third member of the bandit trio. The finding of a solitary dollar on Ack-roff's body, and the discovery that Bassoff had tried to cash a cheque at Coleman two days after the hold-up pointed to a quarrel over the division of the spoils, and of Auloff having double-crossed his companions and gotten away with the booty.

The first grey streaks of dawn were breaking over the rock-walled town of Bellevue when J. D. Nicholson of the Alberta Provincial Police arrived to take charge of the chase. Descending from a caboose he found the picturesque frontier town alive with Mounties and Provincials.

All night, as though weeping over the untimely fate of the two slain officers, the skies unleashed their furies upon the posses in a torrential downpour accompanied by a thundering artillery which reverberated among the rugged mountains and split the darkness with flashes of blinding flame. Tired, worn, and soaked to the skin they trooped in to snatch a few hours sleep while others took up the chase.

It was noon when Nicholson received his first break. Clapping the jangling telephone to his ear he emitted an excited "Ah!" From her lonely ranch two miles away came the terror-stricken voice of Mrs. Hallaway. "I've seen him," she cried, "the big Russian! He stopped here and made me feed

him. Threatened me with the biggest revolver I ever saw, and said he'd come back and kill me if I talked."

Quickly Nick rounded up a squad of armed men. Squelching, knee-deep, through palpitating muskeg they reached the log-walled ranch to find the old lady still pale and trembling. "He must be in the bush somewhere," she cried. "He's wounded, and has to hobble on a stick."

Hardly had Nick swung a tightening cordon around the ranch than from Crow's Nest, sixteen miles to the westward, came word that the third bandit, Auloff, had been seen. John Gregory had been making a short cut through the bush when he found himself looking into the muzzle of a rifle. Squatted, cross-legged, at the foot of a pine tree a granite-faced man with ice-blue eyes shadowed by a black sombero, surveyed him over the sights with a gruff demand for matches.

"When I stepped over to give them to him," Gregory reported, "he told me to throw 'em on the ground and to walk straight ahead and not look back unless I wanted a bullet in my spine."

"How was he dressed?" Nick demanded.

"In a black sombero and a black mackinaw coat with white belt."

"That's Auloff, I'll bet," Nick snapped, giving swift orders to surround the spot.

Two hours later Old Baptiste, a trapper, dashed in, demanding to speak to "the head boss of the Police".

"I'm foller dat trail what Gregory took. I'm hear a sound like someone tap his pipe against a

tree. Den," admitted the trapper, "I'm trabble lak hell . . . I'm look neither one way nor t'other. I'm sure it was that *diable* bandit!"

Then from Gateway, near the International boundary, came word that Brakeman Lewis had been held up at the point of a revolver as he attempted to eject a burly transient from a box-car.

Snatching up the telephone, Nick got Corporal Wilson at Fernie on the line. "Take all the men you've got," he ordered, and hig-tail it to Gateway with Brake-man Hall. Make it snappy or that bird'll get over the line."

Trudging in from the woods three hours later he snatched up a telegram from Wilson:

Found suspect skulking in bush unarmed stop Searched box-car and found loaded automatic tied in gunnysack stop Man refuses to talk but resembles bandit Auloff stop Bringing him to Bellevue for identification.

Swift rejoicing swept the Pass as word leaked out that Auloff had been captured. But Nick's elation evaporated when two uniformed Provincials dragged their frowsy prisoner before him. Though a Russian with a mop of dirty yellow hair, he lacked the bold, predatory features of Auloff.

As a weeping dawn broke over the rain-misted peaks the stillness of the valley was rent by a single shot which seemed to come from the vicinity of the Holloway ranch. Yet not a single man reported firing his gun. Then the rumour spread that Bassoff had committed suicide. Famished, despairing of escaping, and in agony from his wound he had ended his troubles with a bullet through his brain.

That Auloff was still very much alive was evidenced by reports that came rolling in. The elusive Cossack seemed to have multiplied himself a score of times, and acquired the faculty for being at three or four widely separated points at one and the same time. From a dozen places fugitive Russians were reported.

A search of the spot where Gregory had been held up revealed well-defined tracks, evidently made since the last rain. Old Baptiste scrutinized them closely. "Looks lak 'nother man he's foller heem," Baptiste turned to Detective Egan. "Mebbe dat Bassoff he's got troo you guys after all." The crushed grass looked as though the one man had been dragging the other.

Spreading his men, Egan proceeded to comb the spruce-dotted sidehills. Beneath a culvert a piece of cloth fluttered lazily in the breeze. Brushing through the thickets he emitted a stifled exclamation. Half-buried amongst the wet willows lay the mackinaw-clad body of a burly men with a bullet hole between his shoulders, his face so mutilated as to be unrecognizable.

"Auloff!" Egan glanced significantly at the officer beside him. "Slipped it over on his Cossack pals, but they sure seem to have evened up the score."

* * * *

It was the fifth night of the search yet, despite the efforts of three hundred possemen and the police of three forces, Bassoff still remained at large. It was hinted that the report of his suicide had been deliberately circulated by local foreigners to mislead searchers while Bassoff was spirited

away by friends to a place of safety where he could be hidden till his wounds healed.

To the handful of police officers Nick had posted at the little siding of Lundbreck came the distant scream of the westbound train. Looking to their side-arms Constables Sawyer of Calgary, Hallworth of Medicine Hat and Glover of Edmonton prepared to search the on-coming freight cars. Around the rock-cut flashed the white beam of the locomotive's headlight. Nervously Sawyer caught at Tower's arm. Engineer Hammond seemed to be taking delight in sending the mournful wail of the whistle echoing and reverberating in weird cadence above the rhythm of tumbling cascades. The usual signal was followed by the weirdest symphony of sound that ever arose from a lumbering locomotive.

With hissing pistons and clanking wheels the locomotive roared to the platform. In the orange glow of the Agent's lantern the engineer's oil-smeared face seemed pale. "I've seen him!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Who?" rasped Glover.

"The murderer!" came Hammond's swift reply. "If it ain't the bandit I'm a Dutchman. Couldn't beat it fast enough when the headlight picked him out at Pincher . . ."

Dashing to the office telephone he called Nicholson. A quick-fire conversation followed. "Says to uncouple the engine and hit back to Pincher with you fellows."

Leaping into the cab, Hammond uncoupled, reversed the engine and roared back. In a moment police piled aboard the tender and the engine was sweeping through the night.

With clanking wheels and hissing pistons the mountain mogul lurched around hairpin turns that dropped sheer to the black void below, urged to swifter pace as the coal-blackened fireman heaved shovel after shovel of fuel into the scarlet maw of the furnace. At last the green lights of Pincher yard limits shot past.

"Look! there he is."

Strangely magnified in the white beam, an ape-like figure had risen from the ties and, with shambling gait, was making for the storage shed beside the track. As the engine screeched to a halt Hammond grabbed a Winchester and leapt to the track, followed by the dark forms of the police.

"He's there . . . in the door!" came Hallworth's strained voice.

Slinking forward from bush to bush the police saw a huge figure crouching in the doorway. Caught in a torchlight beam he blinked a lone eye from a fringe of matted hair and slunk inside.

"Hell," shouted someone, "that's not the bird we're after."

With drawn guns they rushed the door. "Hands up!" commanded Tower.

From within came animal-like sounds.

"Rush him!" shouted Glover.

Charging through the opened door their torches flashed on a huge huddled figure in fur cap and mackinaw crouching with one arm behind him in a corner.

"Look out," warned Tower, "he's reaching for his gun!"

But the large, ape-like figure only glowered stupidly at them from his single, blood-shot eye.

"My God!" laughed Glover nervously, "he's got his hand in a biscuit box."

As handcuffs snapped about his wrists, and Glover snatched a wicked Mauser from his shoulder holster, the captive uttered a bel-low of fury. Swiftly police relieved him of a roll containing eighty dollars, a glass eye and some dirty papers. "Here's a passport and exemption papers," exclaimed Tower, "and they bear the name of Tom Bassoff!"

Disarmed, dirty and famished; suffering intense pain from his swollen leg infected from a gun wound in the Bellevue battle, the Cossack shuffled between his guards to the waiting room at Pincher station where he sank into a seat, his bloodshot eye unable to meet the hostile gaze of those about him.

"I saw that man roaming the streets this evening," exclaimed Alex Alexander, the storekeeper. "He bought some biscuits in my shop and beat it as the train came in."

Relief over the bloodless capture gave way to amazement at Bassoff's hardihood in struggling forty miles through mountainous terrain, handicapped with one leg so badly smashed as to necessitate his limping every foot of the way with an improvised crutch. Not only had he worked his way through the police cordon but, had it not been for Hammond's vigilance, he would have reached sympathetic countrymen at Macleod, less than thirty miles away, and probably have escaped.

Lodged behind the bars at Lethbridge Jail, the one-eyed bandit repulsed all efforts to get his story, but admitted with a grim chuckle that police had frequently been so close to his hiding place they could have stepped right on

him. To wardens he admitted meeting an old man and giving him five dollars for his mackinaw coat and fur cap, and of taking out his glass eye and putting it in his pocket as a further disguise. Ravenous with hunger he'd entered Alexander's store. Knowing his wounded leg would be a giveaway he'd tucked his crutch under his arm and managed to walk without it, suffering excruciating agony.

Three days before Christmas Tom Bassoff, unregenerate and defiant, mounted the scaffold in the snow-swept courtyard and, with a snarl on his lips, went to meet his Maker.

* * * *

With Bassoff's execution Police congratulated themselves that the case of the three Mad Cossacks was ended. Ackroff had died riddled with bullets in the Bellevue affair; Auloff had been found killed by his fellow bandit in the culvert, and Bassoff had paid the price the law demanded. But J. D. Nicholson remained unconvinced. Certain that Auloff was still at large he exchanged his uniform for civvies, and following the trail of a letter addressed to the dead Bassoff from Kersey, Oregon, headed in that direction.

Combing the road camps near Kersey he ran his eye over the payroll and started as the name "Nick Bassoff" leapt from the page. "Where will I find this bird?" he asked the time-keeper.

"Quit two days ago," came the disappointing reply. "Left with another Russian for Seattle."

Still convinced that Auloff had made his getaway, and that the body Egan had found in the Crow's Nest was that of some vic-

tim of Emperor Pic's bootleg gang, Nick headed for Seattle, and enlisted the aid of city detectives only to find himself thwarted. Contacting police at Portland, Seattle and other Pacific coast cities he left the make and number of the .23 jewelled Elgin watch stolen from Conductor Jones during the hold-up of Train 63.

Three years later Nick received a wire from the Chief of Police at Portland, informing him that the watch stolen from Jones had turned up in a local pawnshop.

"Get down to Portland right away," Nick ordered Detective Schoeppe. "And *don't come back without Auloff.*"

With a shrug the detective departed; found that the watch had been pawned in Portland by Ali Hassan, and finally confronted the Mahommedan. "Where did you get this?" he demanded coldly.

"Down in Butte," Ali's teeth chattered. "I bought it from a miner."

With Ali beside him, Schoeppe headed for Butte, and when the miners assembled at the commissary they scrutinized their faces. "That's him," Hassan jerked the detective's arm. "Right over there!"

A heavy-shouldered foreigner was buying tobacco from the clerk. Disgustedly the detective noted that he bore no resemblance to the wanted Auloff.

"Who's that?" he asked the clerk.

"Harry Tomab," came the reply.

"Tell him there's a registered letter for him at the office," the detective ordered. "I'll wait for him over there."

When Harry Tomab came seeking his letter he swore that he'd never seen the Crow's Nest Pass, or Alberta, in his life. He had just come down from Valdez, Alaska, and had bought the watch from another miner for five dollars.

Back at Lethbridge Nick's hopes were shattered when he received Schoeppe's telegram. But they mounted when Schoeppe brought in his prisoner. For the moment Brakeman Hickie clapped eyes on him he emitted a roar of anger and jabbed an accusing finger in "Harry Tomab's" face. "That's him," he swore, "that's the blighter who stuck his Mauser in my face and stole my pocketbook. I'd know him anywhere."

Conductor Sam Jones completed the identification.

"Tomab," realizing the jig was up, admitted with a hard-faced grin, that Nick was right, that he was Ausby Auloff.

Charged with train robbery, he was sentenced to seven years hard labour, a sentence he was never destined to finish, as he died a few years later in Prince Albert Penitentiary.

Thanks to J. D's persistence, the last of the Three Mad Cossacks had been accounted for.

Details of the above story were given the writer by the late J. D. Nicholson, who passed away on May 11, 1945, after moving from Edmonton to Victoria. Born at Provincetown, Mass., 83 years ago, "J.D." joined the old North West Mounted Police in '85 and saw stirring times in the force. He formed part of the escort when Earl Grey visited Hudson Bay in 1910 and went on pension the following year, when he was called upon to help organize the Alberta Provincial Police from which he retired in 1916 with the rank of Asst. Superintendent. At the outbreak of the present war he served again with his old love, the Mounties. He was also head of the Alberta Prospector's Association and a pioneer prospector of the North West Territories. He has been an intimate friend of the writer's since 1909.

The Trouble at Blackfoot Crossing

By
George Shepherd

Francis Jeffrey Dickens, third son and fifth child of the great novelist, Sir Charles Dickens, once served with distinction in the old North West Mounted Police in Alberta's early days. It seems a far cry from David Copperfield to Chief Crowfoot, Sitting Bull and Louis Riel, but the connection is there just the same. The residents of our foothill province can take great pride in knowing that a son of a world renowned writer such as Sir Charles Dickens pioneered in Alberta before the Province was organized as such.

Born on January 15th, 1844, young Dickens, at an early age, began a military career in the British Army. He was invalided home from India with the rank of Captain after nine years' service, and ordered to try a change of climate. In consequence he was gazetted to the North West Mounted Police in 1875, with the rank of Inspector.

In 1882, "Dickie", as he was familiarly known to his associates, was in charge of the detachment at Blackfoot Crossing. The site of the Post, then in the heart of the Blackfoot country, is now a few miles south of the present-day town of Cluny near the Blackfoot Reserve.

Bull Elk, a minor chief, had fired on a white man with the intention of killing him and then retired to the protection of the camp. Inspector Dickens, with Sergeant Howe and Constable Ashe, proceeded to the encampment to arrest him and hold him for trial.

While the Police were discharging this duty excitement reached fever pitch amongst the tawny warriors and, for the first time since the arrival of the Police in the West, they threatened armed resistance. In the ensuing struggle Dickens was unhorsed and thrown to the ground, and matters began to take on a grave appearance. In spite of all the uproar, to the staccato reports of Blackfoot guns, the prisoner was seized and rushed through milling redskins to the Post.

Soon a horde of frenzied Indians milled around the place, completely hemming in Dickens and his small garrison of twelve men. The Blackfeet howled for the release of Bull Elk, a demand which was bluntly refused. At this the Indians shouted their defiance of the law, and declared their intention of wiping out every one of the Long Knives.

The little drama was developing into one of those tense situations so often recorded in our Empire history. It was a hard decision for the Inspector to make. The release of the prisoner was against all military tradition, but against that choice was the possible loss of the lives of all the Police under his charge, followed by a probable serious uprising among the Indians.

Pondering these factors in his own mind, and taking the full responsibility on his own shoulders, Dickens at length agreed to release Bull Elk to Chief Crowfoot on the latter's promise that Bull Elk would be delivered up to the

Police when called on to stand trial.

The Indians later confessed that they tried by every means in their power to incite the Police into firing first, which would have justified them, in their own eyes, in annihilating the entire command. This would have been an easy matter since there were but a dozen Police to oppose nearly a thousand infuriated warriors.

As soon as quiet was restored Dickens sent scouts to Fort Macleod, explaining the situation to Superintendent Crozier, and asking for reinforcements. Crozier, a brave and fearless officer, without waiting for additional help, headed immediately for the Blackfoot Post with the only twenty men available. Realizing the need for instant action they pushed on without stopping until they reached Inspector Dickens' threatened detachment.

Immediately the combined forces set about the task of fortifying the Post. Sacks of oats, oatmeal and flour were piled at strategic points to form a barricade, while an old corral, which might give cover to lurking warriors, was torn down.

The sudden arrival of Crozier and his men, coupled with these

ominous preparations, aroused considerable misgiving among the Blackfeet, who watched the proceedings with some consternation. Crowfoot, himself, approached and asked if the Police intended to fight. "Certainly not—unless you commence first!" Crozier curtly replied.

The next day a strong detail of Police in scarlet and gold uniforms rode into the Blackfoot camp, determined to do or die. To the great relief of all, Bull Elk submitted to arrest without any further signs of resistance. Taken to Fort Macleod he was tried by Judge Macleod and given a stern warning and a term in the guard room.

Such an occurrence as this emphasized the need of strong forces of men at strategic points, ready for any emergency. It also brought home the fact, so often noted before, that the tact and forbearance displayed by these pioneer Mounties in handling these wayward children of the Plains not only won for the Force the confidence of the Indians and the undying gratitude of the whites, but often, in innumerable instances, avoided bloodshed.

PAID IN FULL

A famous preacher once had use of the services of a young doctor who was not an ardent church goer, but the doctor failed to send a bill.

"Look here, doctor," demanded the preacher, "I've got to know how much I owe you."

After thinking it over the doctor said: "I'll tell you what. I hear you're a pretty good preacher and you seem to figure I'm a pretty good doctor. I'll make a bargain. I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven if you'll do all you can to keep me out of hell, and it won't cost either of us a cent"

Old Trading Forts in Southern Alberta

Sometimes called "Whiskey Forts"

By

Ernest Brown

At the time of the coming of the Mounted Police in 1874, the International Boundary south of Macleod was not very well known.

The buffalo country from the Red River to what is Calgary was a No Man's Land, that is, white men would rarely risk their lives in coming through a country infested with so many bands of hostile Indians. It was the hunting ground of many different tribes of both Canadian and American Indians. Neither knew or recognized an International Boundary.

At this time all passengers, freight and mail for Macleod and the West had to come via the United States. Fort Benton on the Missouri River, 200 miles away, was the starting point for the bull trains that came into Fort Macleod with the goods for trading posts strategically located on Old Man River, Belly River, St. Mary's River and Highwood.

Some of these posts did a fairly straight legal business, but most of them were Whiskey Forts established for the one purpose of trading a poor quality of whiskey for buffalo robes. The order had gone forth in the U.S.A., that the buffalo must be exterminated, because the Indians would not settle on the reserves so long as it were possible to hunt buffalo, on which they could live, as they had hitherto lived.

These forts were generally very substantially built, much more so than the usual fur trading posts.

The treatment accorded the Indians by the American traders was very different to that accorded them at the Hudson's Bay posts.

The fur traders of the North were interested in keeping the Indians alive and healthy so that they might hunt and bring in ample quantities of furs. In years of poor fur catches the fur traders would grub-stake the Indians and tide them over. The fur trader's word was his bond; and the Indians knew he did not speak with a "forked tongue." Consequently it was not necessary to fortify these Northern posts against Indian attack as was the case with the forts in the south.

As already stated, these "Whiskey Forts" were very strongly built, the outside walls being of stockaded logs standing side by side in a trench in the ground which was filled in, often rearing sixteen feet above the plain. Even the chimneys had iron bars placed across the top to prevent the Indians entering by that means. At each of the four corners of the stockade there were bastions or lookouts, where sentries watched for any possible attack after the red men had been debauched with white man's firewater. And connecting these lookouts was a firing platform all around the enclosure. Only one entrance gave admission, and this was at all times kept strongly barred except when bull teams arrived with goods, or took out shipments of buffalo robes. Beside the entrance gate

was a small opening in the logs through which the Indian passed a tightly rolled buffalo robe and received in return a tin cup of watered whiskey. Colonel Steel reported: "A quart of the stuff bought a fine pony."

When the traders had accumulated a sufficient quantity of robes they shipped them by bull teams to Fort Benton, where the American Government paid the traders three dollars per robe, and sold them privately at eight dollars each. The Mounted Police purchased 105 robes at four dollars and twenty-five cents apiece. Some profit on a few cents worth of watered whiskey!

Conditions obtaining at these "Whiskey Forts" can be gathered from the following letter written by a trader to his friend at Fort Benton:

"Dear Friend:

Bill Geaery got to putting on airs and I shot him, and he is dead. My potatoes are looking fine.

Yours truly,
Skookum Jim."

Probably the largest and most important post was Whoop-up. It was built in 1868 and did a lucrative business until the arrival of the police in 1874, when the post was burned.

"Fort Hamilton" was built by a man described as a "notorious character", one John Healy. The fort was named after the firm of Hamilton, Healy and Company of Fort Benton, Montana, U.S.A., who, it is said, supplied the trading outfits. Colonel Robertson Ross reports: "Here they have about twenty armed men, and have carried on for some time an illegal trade with the Blackfeet

Indians, supplying them with rifles, revolvers, goods of various kinds, whiskey and other ardent spirits, in direct opposition to the laws of both the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and without paying any customs duties for the goods introduced into the latter country."

"At Fort Edmonton whiskey was sold to Indians by these traders right at the gate of the fort, and when asked if they did not know it was illegal they answered 'Yes!'; but there was no force to prevent them, and they would do as they pleased."

Fort Hamilton is not often spoken of by the writers; Whoop-up seems to have become the name of a place or district, and as Fort Hamilton was built some three hundred yards away Hamilton was referred to generally as Whoop-up.

Fort Whoop-up was built in 1868 by a carpenter named Bill Gladstone for Hamilton and Healy of Fort Benton, who, in turn, were backed by Powers and Company, and others. In the form of a square three hundred yards either way it took two years to construct. After Hamilton and Healy made a small fortune in the whiskey trade the fort was turned over to Akers.

Whoop-up was thirty miles from Fort Macleod, while Fort Walsh was a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward. Belly River was the old name of the river, it being later changed to Old Man River.

There were a few legitimate American traders in the country who traded guns, ammunition and goods for buffalo robes. The whiskey traders objected, and or-

ganized the so-called "Spitzee Cavalry", named after the river of that name, now known as High River, Alberta. Spitzee, of course, means tall timber, and the river was often called the Highwood. These people ran some of the legitimate traders out of the country and helped protect the outlaws.

In 1872 a party, most of whom had participated in the Civil War, came from Fort Benton to the Cypress Hills forty miles north of the border, near where Fort Walsh was later built. These men traded large quantities of whiskey to a band of Assinaboine Indians encamped along the creek on a flat piece of prairie now known as "The Massacre Ground".

When night came these fiends in human shape decided to clean out the Indian camp, and posted themselves on a cutbank on the south side of the creek. Here they could stand on the gravel breast-high, rest their Winchesters on top, and fire from good cover. The Indians were in the midst of their orgy, every lodge lighted up so that a good view of each could be had. Fire was then opened with the result that over thirty of the Indians were killed, many were wounded, and the rest, not knowing where their assailants were, fled to the hills for refuge.

This massacre was seen by Abe Farwell, a respectable American trader who had a post nearby, and who was married to Big Mary, a Crow woman. After the Indians

had fled the ruffians made prisoner a young squaw who'd crossed the creek to take refuge at the Farwell's, and were in the act of carrying her off when Big Mary appeared wrathfully upon the scene, covering them with a revolver. Backed up by Abe she dragged the girl from them and took her to their post. The report of this massacre eventually led to the organization of the North West Mounted Police.

Colonel Steele wrote: "That only the traveller who courted death went west of where Pile of Bones — Regina — now stands." Even the whiskey traders could not have established themselves in the Blackfoot country had they not been led by bold outlaws who knew war and palisaded themselves strongly.

The Indians burned the Hudson's Bay post on the Bow River called "Old Bow Fort", also Chesterfield House, built at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars below the confluence of the south Saskatchewan and Red Deer rivers.

The murders, massacres and outrages by the Indians on each other, and on the whites, would take many pages to tell, but the cause of it all can be said in that single word, "Whiskey".

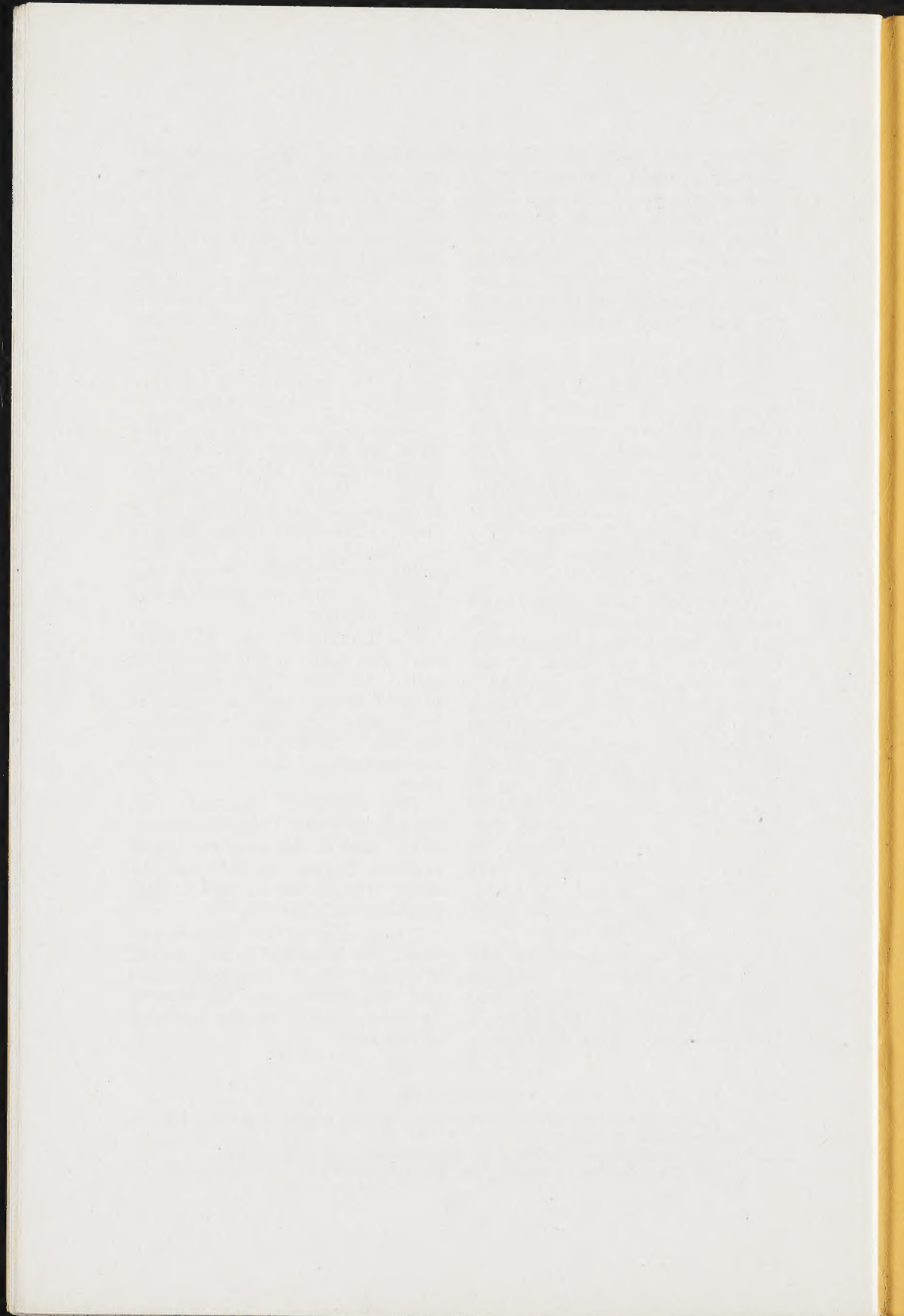
The arrival of the *Shimarganishuk*, the Mounted Police, in the West in a short time established law and order, and the outlaw "whiskey forts" became a thing of the past.

ABOUT MEN

A man thinks that whatever vexation a woman is suffering from, his kisses can put it right.

Women are never disarmed by compliments, men always are.

The man who has no secrets from his wife either has no secrets or no wife.



WINNERS: COMPETITION, JUNE 1945

Alberta Writers' Conference and Provincial Chapter,
Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

POETRY (Girls):

First Prize: *Next Year*, by Joan Jackson, Calgary.

Second Prize: *The Northern Nurse*, Clrene Ludescher,
Whitelaw.

Third Prize: *The Garden of the North*, by Jeanie Atkins,
Peace River.

POETRY (Boys):

First Prize: *The Pine Tree*, by Donald Jackson, Lethbridge.

Second Prize: *When It's Springtime in Peace River*, by
Morten Kobasa, Whitelaw.

Third Prize: *What Price Victory*, by Roy Kenchtel, Grande
Prairie.

SHORT STORY:

First Prize: *Randy's Choice*, by Winnifred Thorogood, Ed-
monton.

Second Prize: *The Tale of An Old Pioneer*, by T. C. Gordon,
Edmonton.

Third Prize: *The Ghost Trail*, by Shirley Davidson, White-
law.

ESSAY:

First Prize: *Alberta—I am Proud of You*, by Laurence
Moon, Grande Prairie.

Second Prize: *Calling Lake*, by June Davidson, Whitelaw.

Third Prize: *Alberta—Land to Love*, by Louise W. March-
mont, Edmonton.

SCHOOL PAPER:

En Avant, Alexander High School, Medicine Hat.

1 AND 2 ROOM RURAL SCHOOL PUBLICATION:

Kiew Memories, 1944-45. Kiew School, S.D. 1693, Vegre-
ville.

YEAR BOOK:

Who's Who, 1945. Whitelaw School, Whitelaw.

JUDGES:

Poetry: Dr. Mary Winspear.

Short Story: Prof. F. M. Salter.

Essay: Mr. Robert F. Gard.

Class A: University Library Staff.

